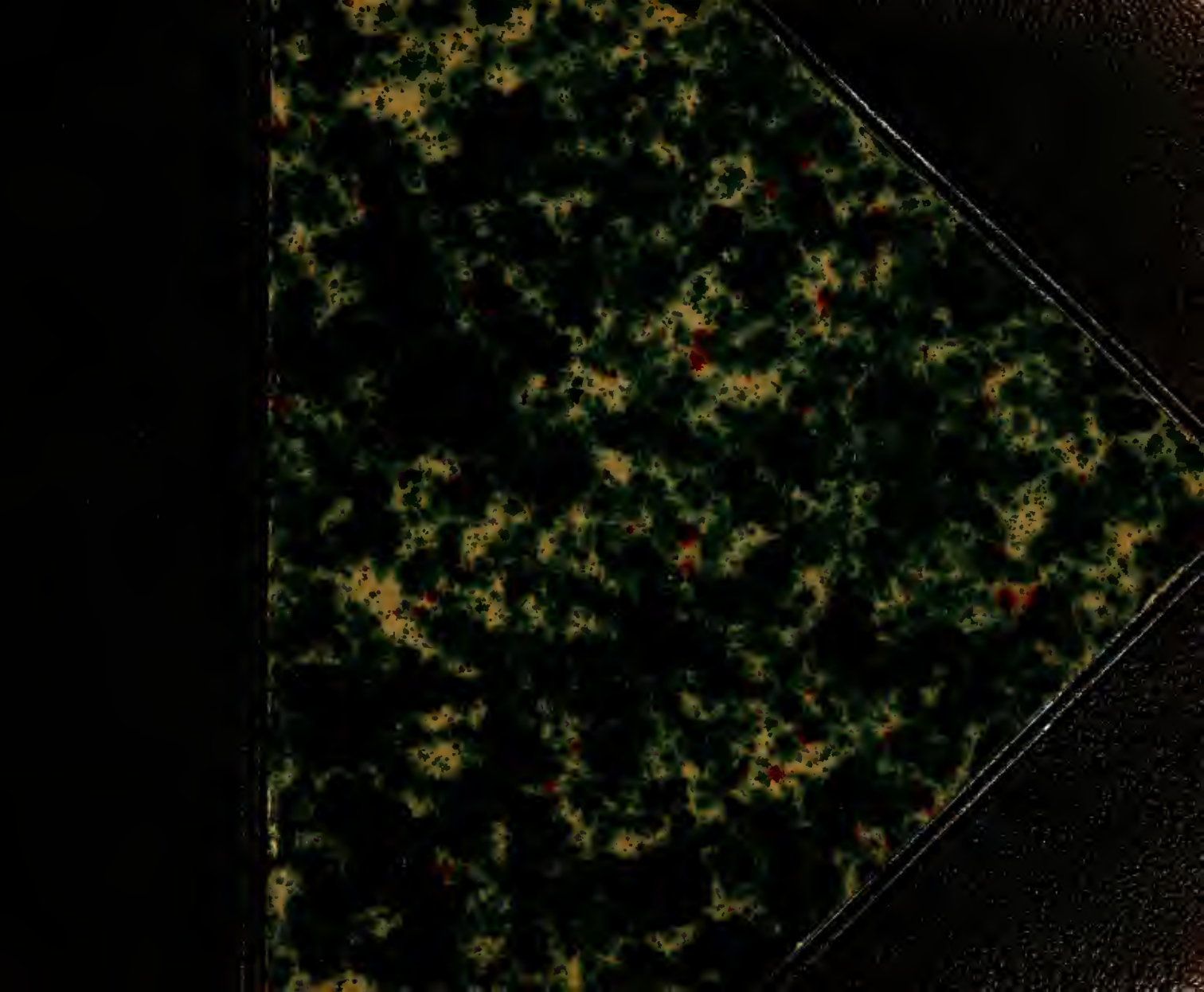

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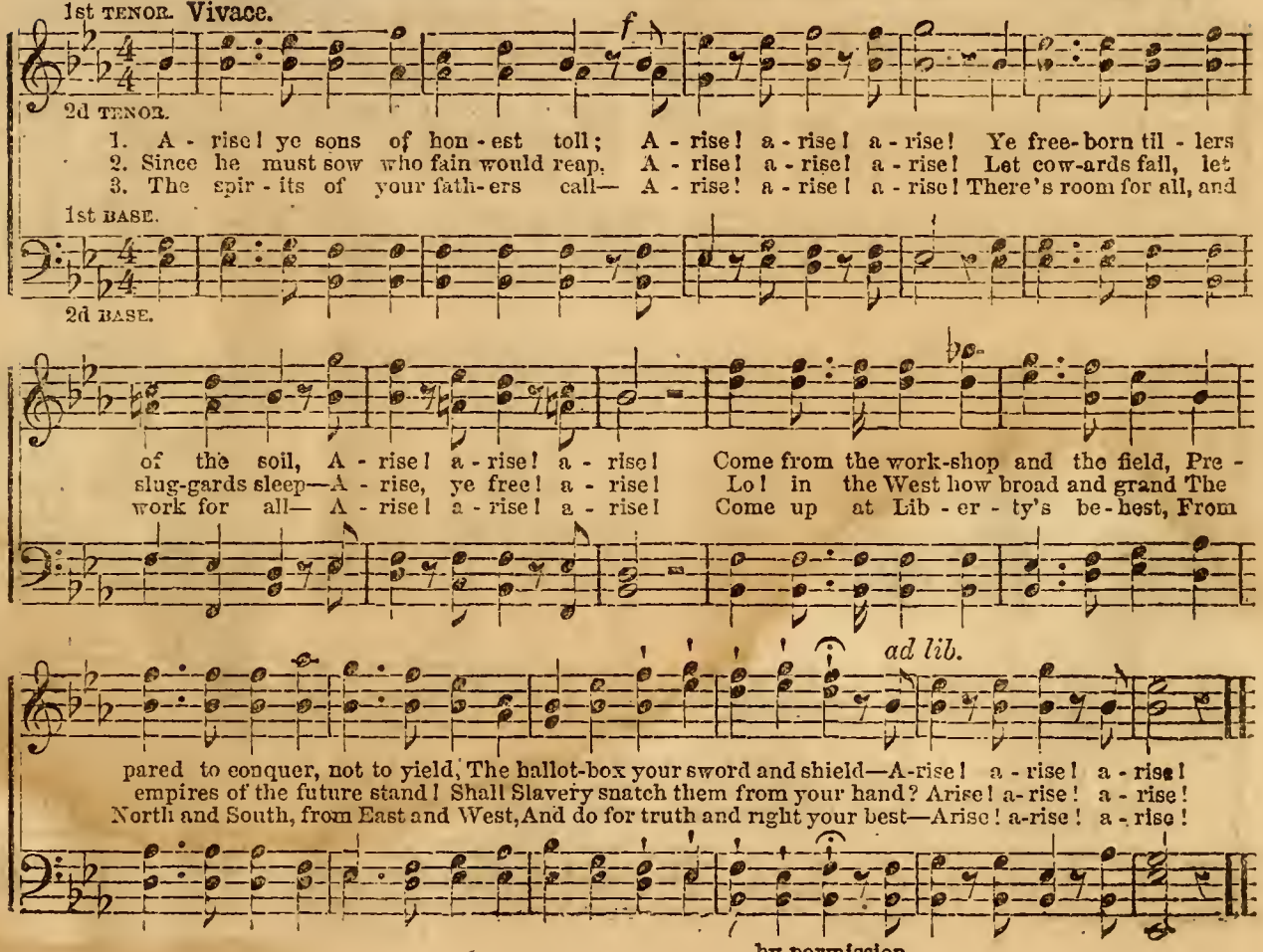
"ARISE! YE SONS OF HONEST TOIL."

Words by W. H. Burleigh.* Music comp. for the "N. Y. Rail-Splitters' Glee Club," by J. J. Clarke.



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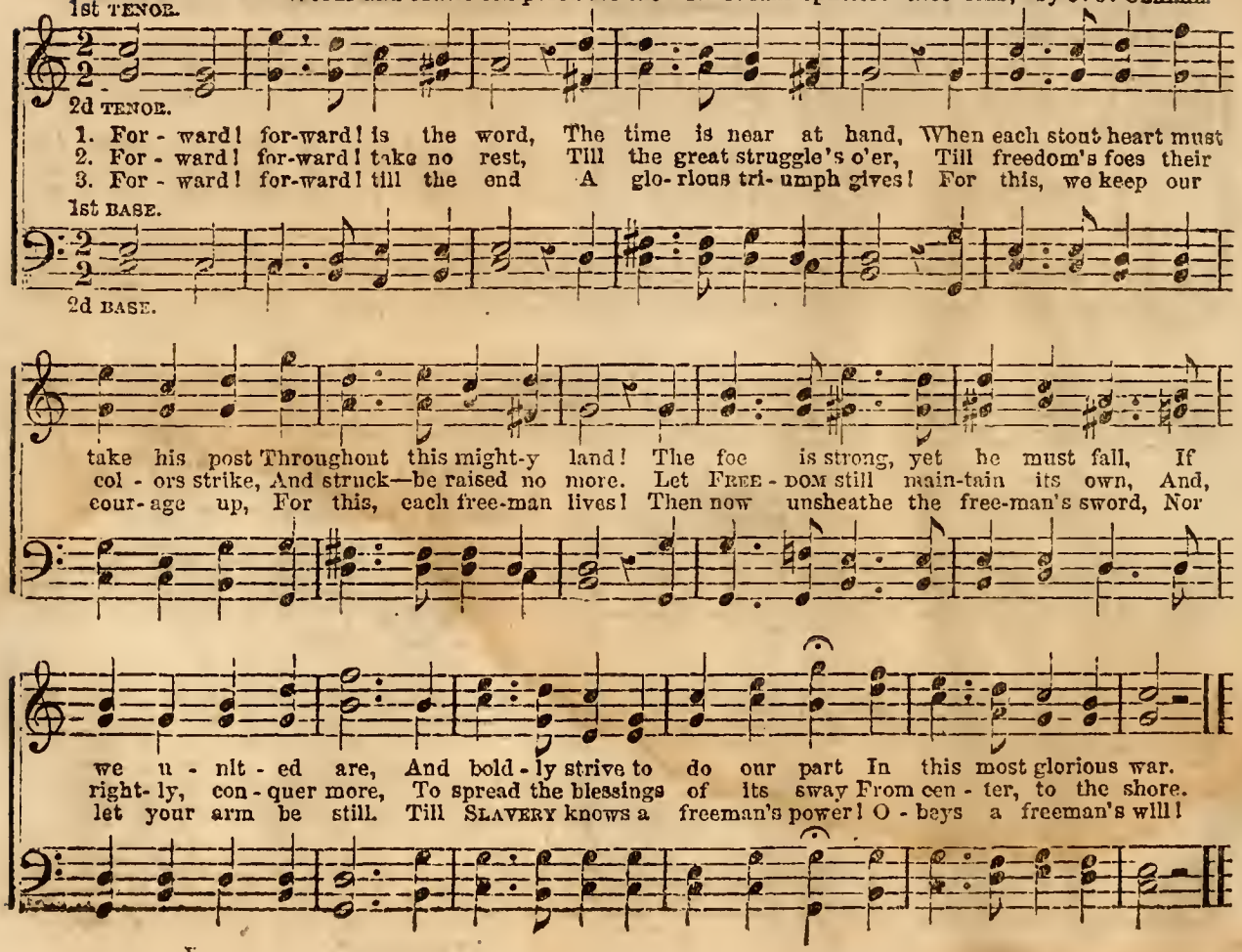
"FORWARD! FORWARD! IS THE WORD." (For Male Voices.)

Vivace. Words and Music composed for the "N. Y. Rail-Splitters' Glee Club," by J. J. CLARKE.



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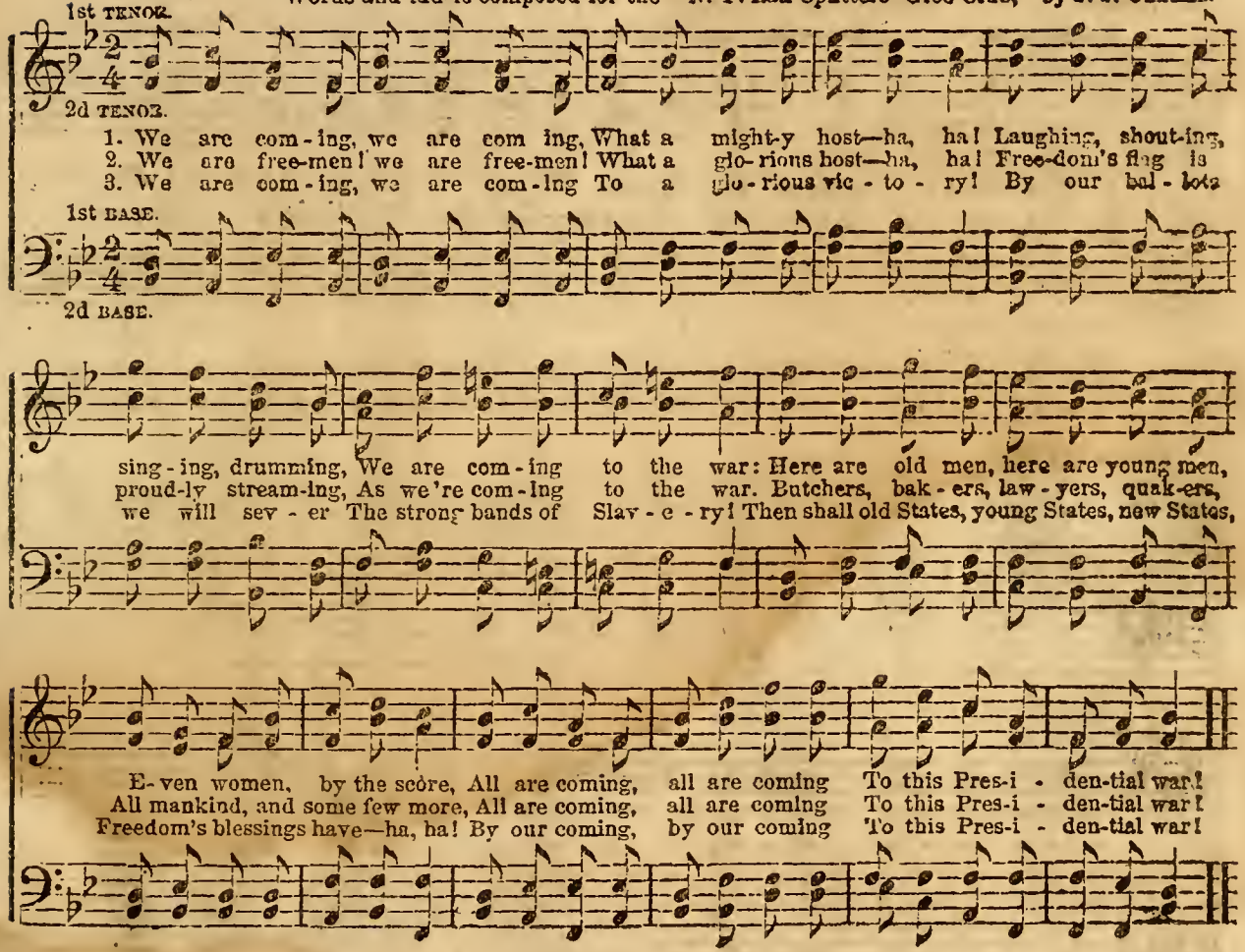
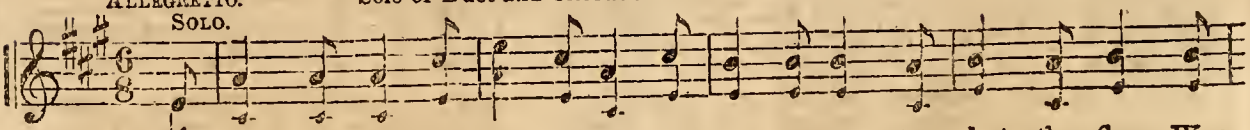


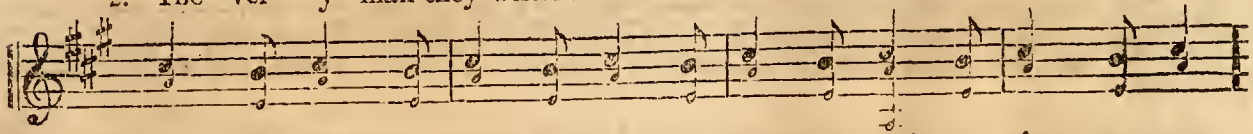
4 Words by G. W. E. **THE CANDIDATE WITH A CORK LEG.** Arr. by A. Cull.

ALLEGRETTO. Solo or Duet and Chorus for Male or mixed Voices.

SOLO.

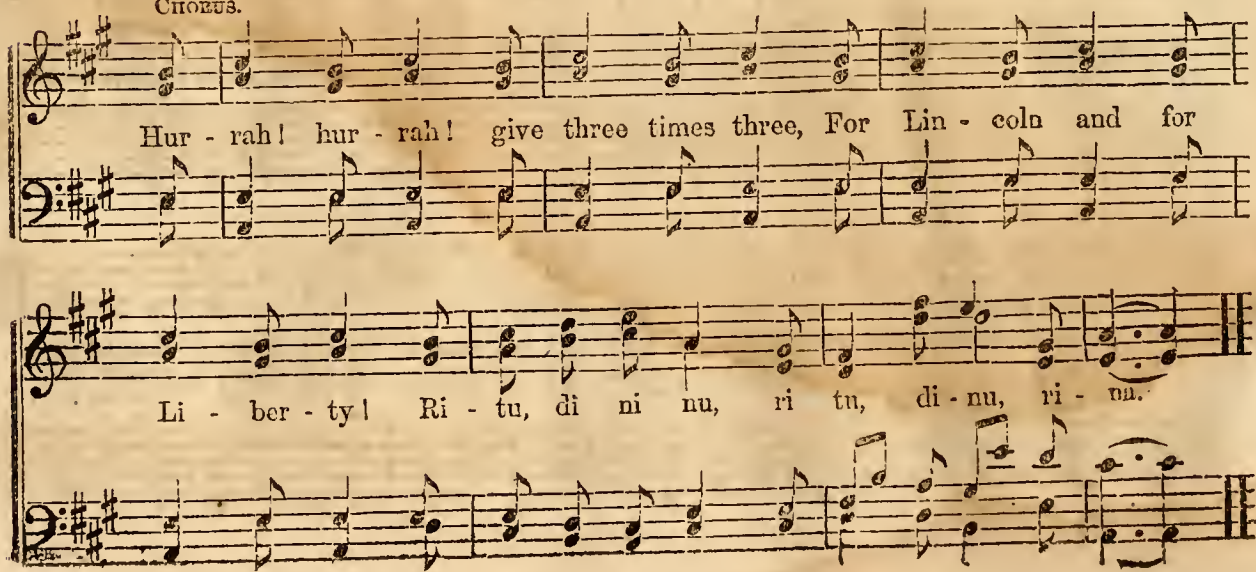


1. The Dem - o - crats at Bal- timore, Put up a plat- form, but the floor, Was
2. The ver - y man they wished to run— In cal- i - bre their lar - gest gun, Could



made of planks un- sound at core, And down it fell to rise no more.
not *go off*, nor fear nor fun, Could move this might- y num - ber one.

CHORUS.



Hur - rah! hur - rah! give three times three, For Lin - coln and for

Li - ber - ty! Ri - tu, di ni nu, ri tu, di - nu, ri - nu.

3. 'Twas piteous to hear him beg,
For cane or crutch; he broke his leg,
And bled fast as a spirit keg,
When topers thirst for nogg and egg.
Chorus.—Hurrah! &c.

4. A surgeon famous and profound,
Whose calling *runs into the ground*,
Cut off the limb and dressed the wound,
And left the man in *cotion* bound.
Chorus.—Hurrah! &c.

5. How could the sufferer run the race,
Twas harder that to *run his face*,
Unless another leg could place
Him on his taps he could not pace.
Chorus.—Hurrah! &c.

6. At last this wise convention thought
A *wooden* leg "had best be bought,"
Then he could run and not be caught,
By Lincoln, whose legs are not short.
Chorus.—Hurrah! &c.

7. They screwed a leg on, made of cork,
At first he made believe he'd baulk,
But started on an easy walk,—
And soon went like a flying stork.
Chorus.—Hurrah! &c.

8. Forced onward by some unknown spell,
Faster than wild-goat or gazelle,
Over mountain, plain, and dell,
Leaving behind Everett and Bell.
Chorus.—Hurrah! &c.

9. On, on, he sped from state to state,
The *swiftest running candidate*,
From early morn till midnight late,
His speed did not one whit abate.
Chorus.—Hurrah! &c.

10. "Stop thief, Stop thief," the people cried;
He could not stop, in vain he tried,
The leg would go, and would not ride.
It waited not for wind nor tide.
Chorus.—Hurrah, &c.

11. He stumbled once on Bunker's hill,
Fell over Faneuil Hall, but still,
Strode forward over forge and mill,
The leg was stronger than his will.
Chorus.—Hurrah! &c.

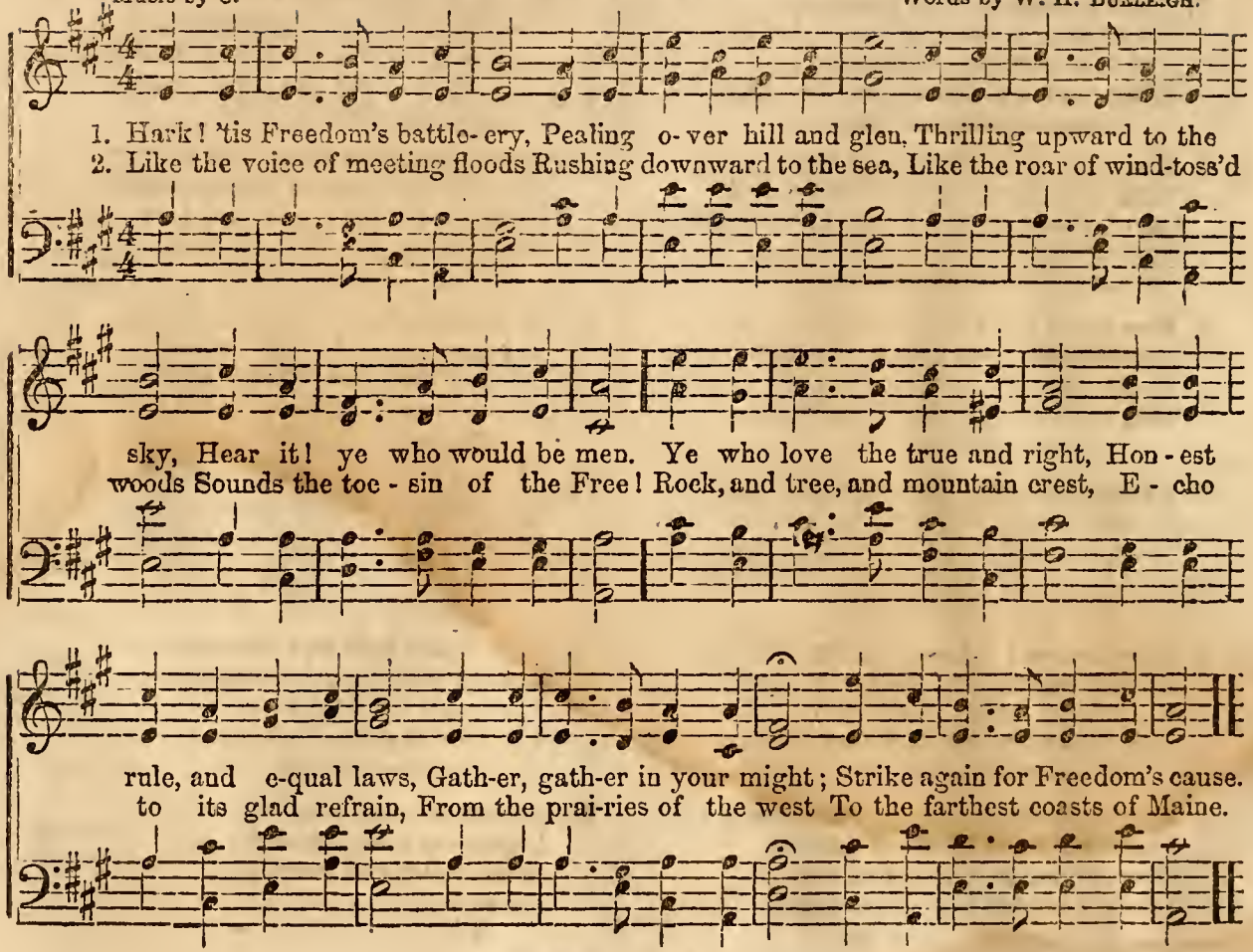
12. He seized the lamp-post on his way,
And lost his arm—he could not stay—
In vain he cursed the unlucky day—
By turns he'd weep, and swear, and pray.
Chorus.—Hurrah! &c.

13. With flying hair and open mouth,
Melting with heat he reached the South,
And could not halt to quench his drouth—
The masses cried, "oh gag his mouth."
Chorus.—Hurrah! &c.

14. At last he went around, around,
Rolled up his eyes, and looked profound,
When votes and leaves fall, it was found
He with his leg ran in the ground.
Chorus.—Hurrah! &c.

FREEDOM'S BATTLE-CRY.

Music by C. Words by W. H. Burleigh.



By permission of C. & W. H. B

3. Up—ye haters of the wrong!
Freedom calls you to the fray,
Up—and to the standard throng,
There is work for you to-day!
Hand to hand with tyrant Power
Ye must battle as ye can—
Courage! 't is the promised hour!
And it brings "The Coming Man!"

4. Sound his name from State to State,
Louder than the ocean's roar—
From Pacific's "Golden Gate"
To the far Atlantic's shore.
LINCOLN! hark, from all our coasts
Millions join the glad acclaim!
LINCOLN! leader of our hosts—
Victory is in his name!

ROLL ON THE REPUBLICAN BALL.

AIR—"*Rosin the Bow.*"

1. COME all ye true friends of the Nation,
Attend to humanity's call,
Come join in your country's salvation,
And roll the Republican ball.
Cho.—Roll on the Republican ball,
Roll on the Republican ball,
FOR LINCOLN and HAMLIN and FREEDOM,
We'll labor from now until fall.

2. "Old Abe," he is honest and truthful,
A live "representative man;"
He's neither too old nor too youthful,
So Democrats beat if you can.—*Chorus.*

3. He's fresh from the ranks of the people,
He's manly, he's tall, and he's straight;
In height somewhat less than a steeple,
And firm as a rock in his gait.—*Chorus.*

4. As a man of the People, no wonder
His name is a beacon of light,
For the UNION he never will sunder,
But its stars he will keep polished bright.
Chorus.

5. We surely will beat in November,
We'll distance them all in the race,
For the people have spoken—remember,
"OLD ABE" IS THE MAN FOR THE PLACE.
Chorus.

THE LINCOLN FLAG.

AIR—"*Yankee Doodle.*"

1. UNROLL the Lincoln flag, my boys,
Where freemen's sons are speeding,
And wave it, while a rag, my boys,
Remains where Freedom's bleeding.
Cho.—Our hearts are true as steel, my boys,
And every man's a brother;
While we have hearts to feel, my boys,
Our hands will help each other.

2. Up with the tapering mast, my boys,
As high as any steeple;
Then make our banner fast, my boys,
The standard of the people.—*Chorus.*

3. Free labor and free speech, my boys,
And LINCOLN for our leader,
And a free press to teach, my boys,
America, God speed her!—*Chorus.*

G. W. B.

THE GALLANT SON OF THE WEST.

AIR—"*Our flag is there.*"

1. WESTWARD the star of empire's way,
And formeth Freedom's brightest ray;
Slave-dealers do the light deplore,
For *they* man's dearest rights ignore.

2. All radiant with the glow of youth,
And sterner majesty of truth,
Most powerful, though young in years,
The great, the glorious West appears.

3. Her hardy sons, inured to toil,
Consecrated her virgin soil
To Freedom, and the rights of man—
Slave-owners, only, hate the plan.

4. It was the West, whose mighty voice,
Shouted for "ABE" the people's choice,
To guide the sinking ship of State
O'er boiling seas of awful fate.

5. To him we look with jealous pride,
And to his hands our trust confide;
Well knowing that his name is free
From every stain of infamy.

6. He is our hope in this dread hour,
When gold is prostituting power;
Which canker has now reached the tree
Of mangled, bleeding Liberty.

7. A watchful guardian of the right,
When trusted with the people's might,
He 'll prove the truest and the best—
For they have tried him in the West.

ANTIETAM JUNCTION, June, 1860.

THE NATIONAL HURRAH.

AIR—"*Away, away to school.*

1. OUR nation's birth-right shall abide,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Free institutions are our pride,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Onward our march—no fears know we;
Free labor shall our bulwarks be.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

2. Stand firm where our firm fathers stood—
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Their honest zeal shall do us good,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Enthusiastic hearts! agree,
Free labor shall our watchword be,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

3. Rich in brave hearts and golden ore,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Young States on our Pacific shore,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Loud clamor "Let our soil be free;
Free labor shall our watchword be."
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

4. "No unrequited lab'rer's toil,
Oh no, oh no, oh no!
Shall curse our teeming virgin soil,
Oh no, oh no, oh no!

But freemen shall homesteads subdue,
And labor thus shall have its due,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

5. Let foeman "rail," our leaders staud,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
High in our hearts—high hopes demand;
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Lincoln shall lead to victory!
Let victory then our watchword be,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

HO! YE MEN OF EVERY STATION.

BY F. A. B. SIMPKINS.

AIR—"*We're a band of brothers.*"

1. Ho! ye men of every station,
Join with us for reformation,
And for Freedom for the Nation,
We're for Freedom and Reform,
Chorus.—We're a band of Freemen,
We're a band of Freemen,
We're a band of Freemen,
We're for Freedom and Reform.

2. On the "sacred side" for ever,
We'll sustain "oppression" never,
But we'll go for "justice" ever,
We're for Freedom and Reform.—*Cho.*

3. We'll dry up disunion screechers,
And wipe out the slave-code teachers,
And cashier the slave-trade preachers,
We're for Freedom and Reform.—*Cho.*

4. We will oust the treasury robbers,
And the host of hireling fobbers,
And the hordes of "live-oak jobbers,"
We're for Freedom and Reform.—*Cho*

5. With "Old Abe" to go before us,
And the flag of Freedom o'er us,
We will shout the sounding chorus,
We're for Freedom and Reform.—*Cho.*

COME, FREEMEN, COME RALLY.

1.

Come, freemen, come rally, from mountain and valley,
Repair to the standard, prepare for the fight!
The country is calling—come hail your brave leaders,
The choice of the people and right.
Come, save, from misrule and corruption again
The country from sinking—by Abraham Lincoln,
And Hannibal Hamlin of Maine.

2.

Come, gird on your armor, mechanic and farmer,
Arise in your power and scatter the foe—
Look forward with hope, and a bright expectation
For peace and prosperity, know;
Your efforts will crown with a glorious reign,
By whom? are you thinking—why Abraham Lincoln,
And Hannibal Hamlin of Maine.

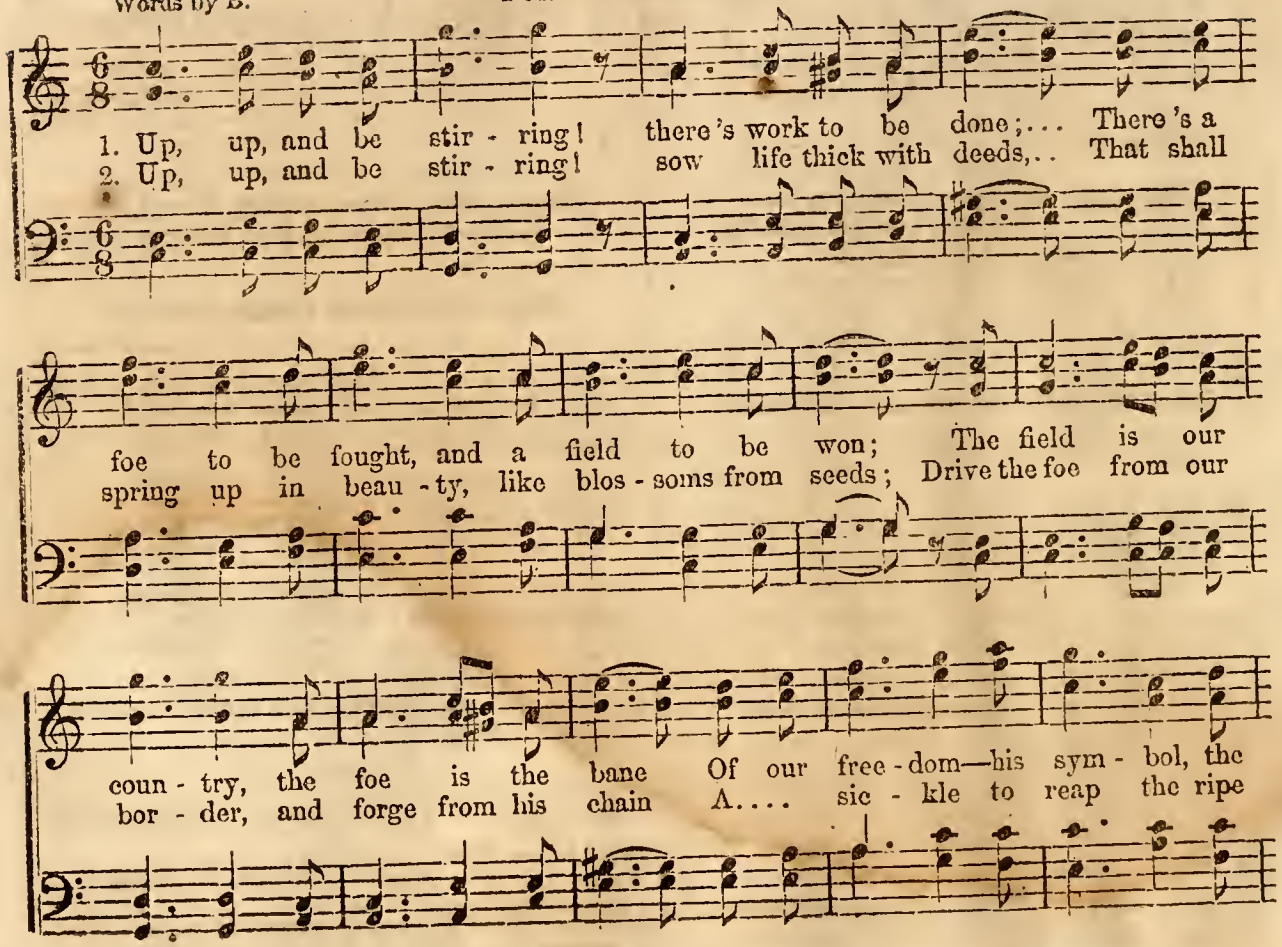
3.

Come, bondsmen and freemen—come, landsmen and seamen,
Our colors are flying, and nailed to the mast—
We'll stand by the ship till she's gallantly anchored,
In Liberty's harbor at last.
And then, with a shout, over manor and main,
A toast we'll be drinking—to Abraham Lincoln,
And Hannibal Hamlin of Maine!

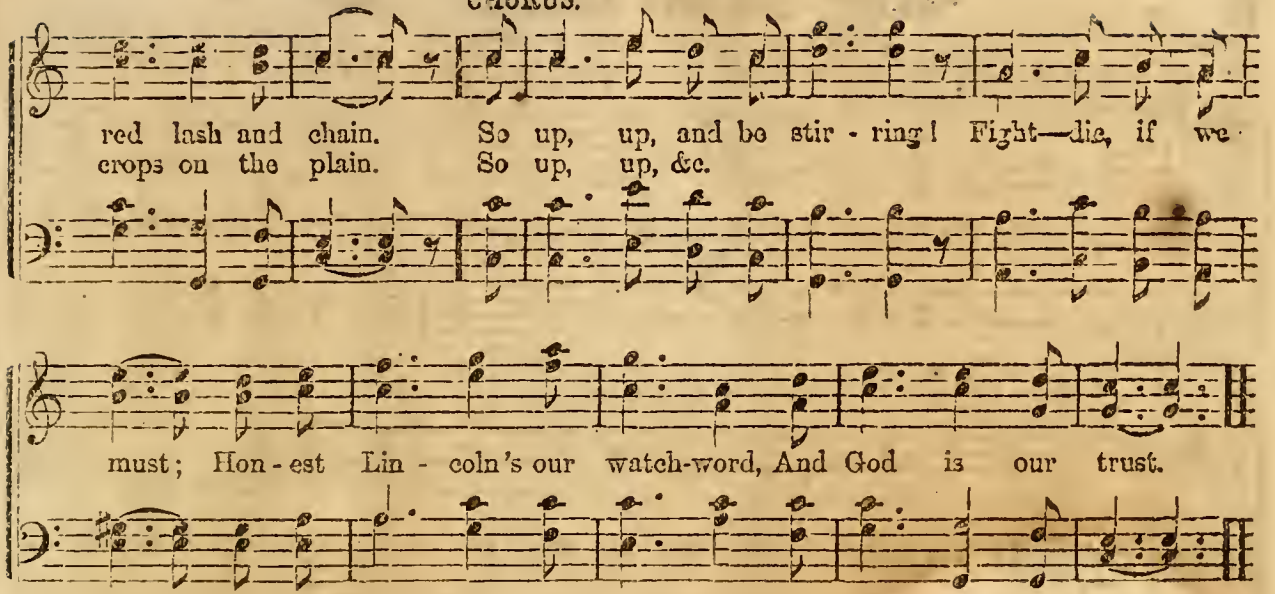
UP, UP, AND BE STIRRING!

FOR MALE VOICES.

Words by B. Music by Henry Tucker.



CHORUS.



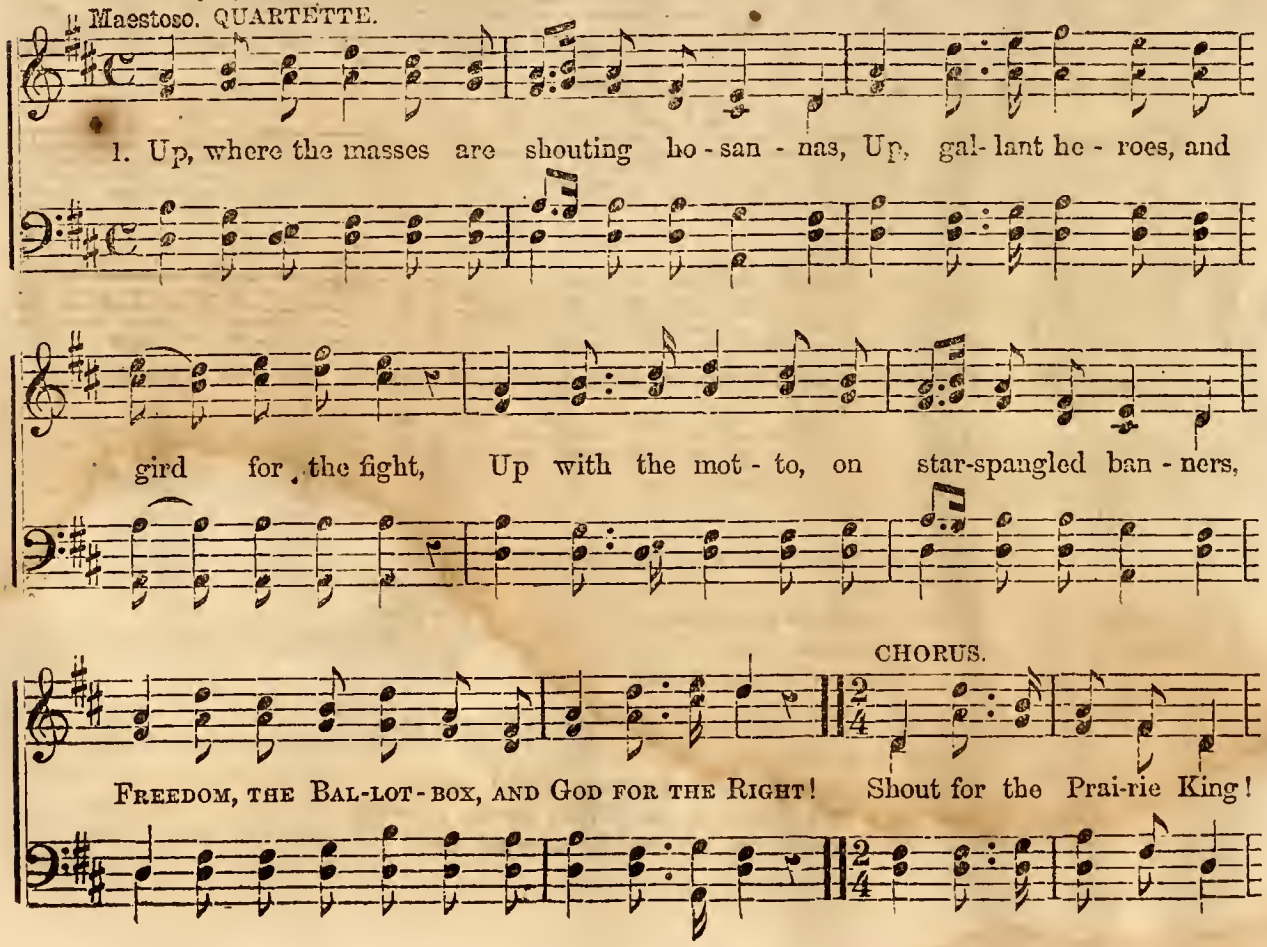
3. Up, up, and be stirring! and canvass the state;
Blow trumpets, wave banners, the foe at the gate
Would trample our altars and rights in the dust;
Honest Lincoln's our watchword, and God is our trust.
Chorus—So up, up, and be stirring, &c.

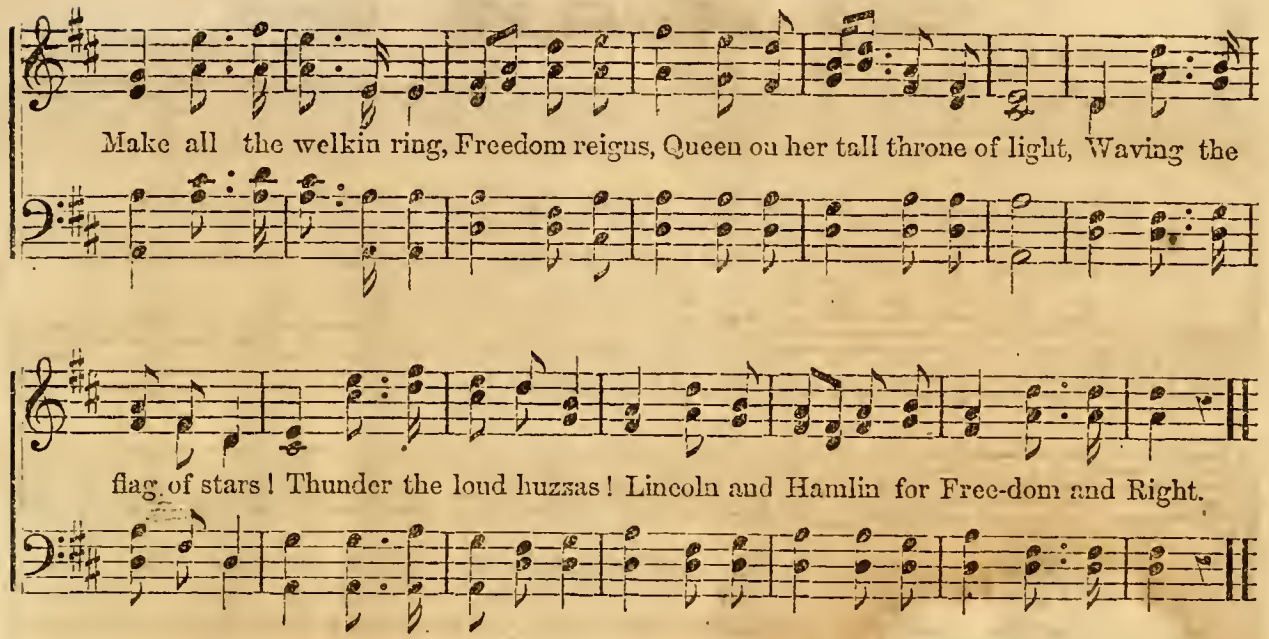
4. Up, up, and be stirring! the prairie flames vast
Sweep over the west like a sirocco blast,
When the smoke of the battle is lifted again—
Our hero will march to the White House to reign.
Chorus—So up, up, and be stirring, &c.

"SHOUT FOR THE PRAIRIE KING."

Words by G. W. Bungay. Quartette or Chorus for Male or mixed Voices. Music arr. by A. Cull.

Respectfully dedicated to the "Young Men's Republican Union Club," of New York City.





2.

Great Garibaldis of Progress have spoken,
Bugles of Battle are heard in the West,
The rod, and the yoke of oppression are broken,
Like the broad sea swells humanity's breast.
Chorus.

3.

Hearts of our patriot fathers are beating,
Music for Freedom in these hearts of ours.
Crowns of sharp thorns now have blossomed, repeating
The crowns of the martyrs with victors' fair flowers.
Chorus.

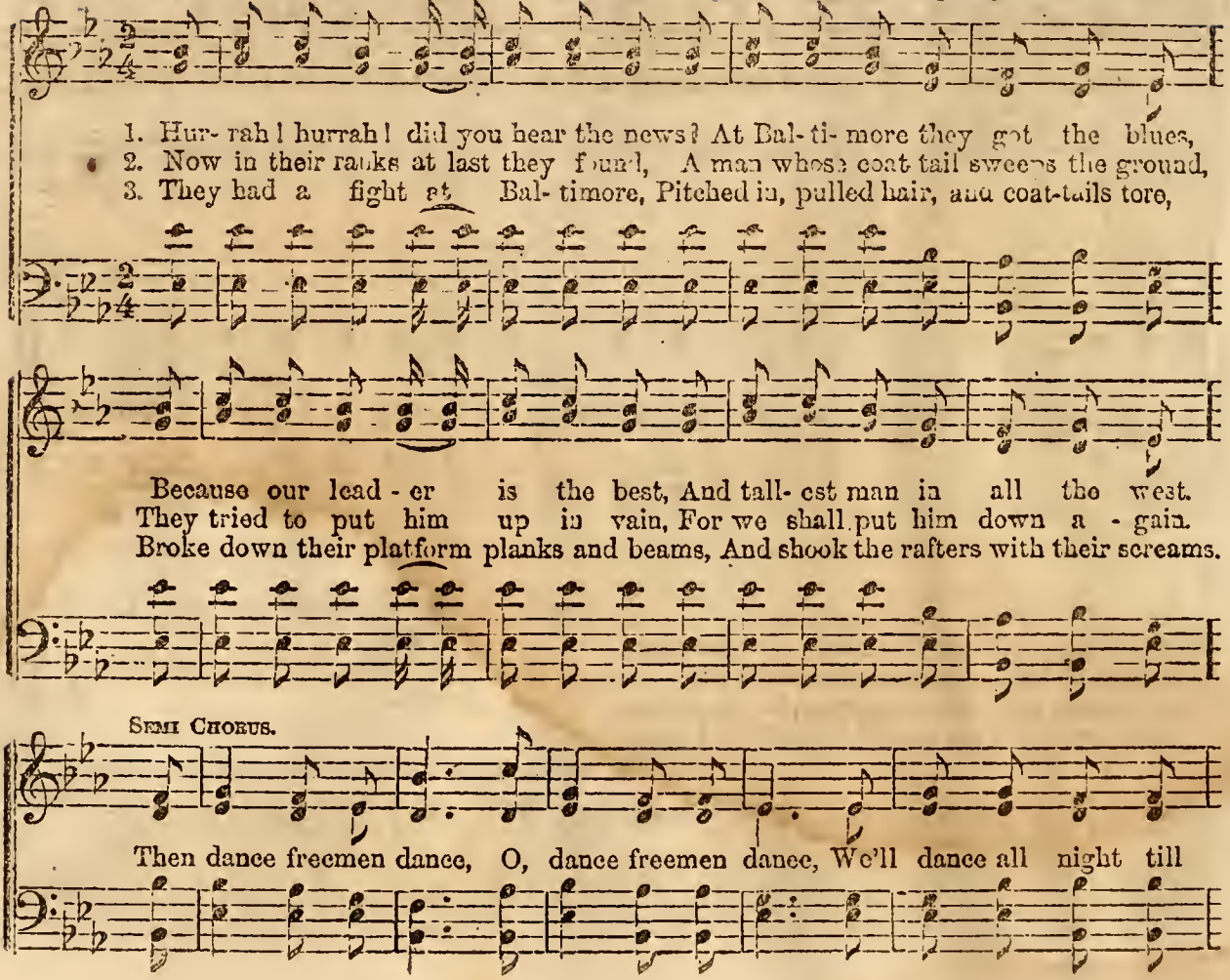
4.

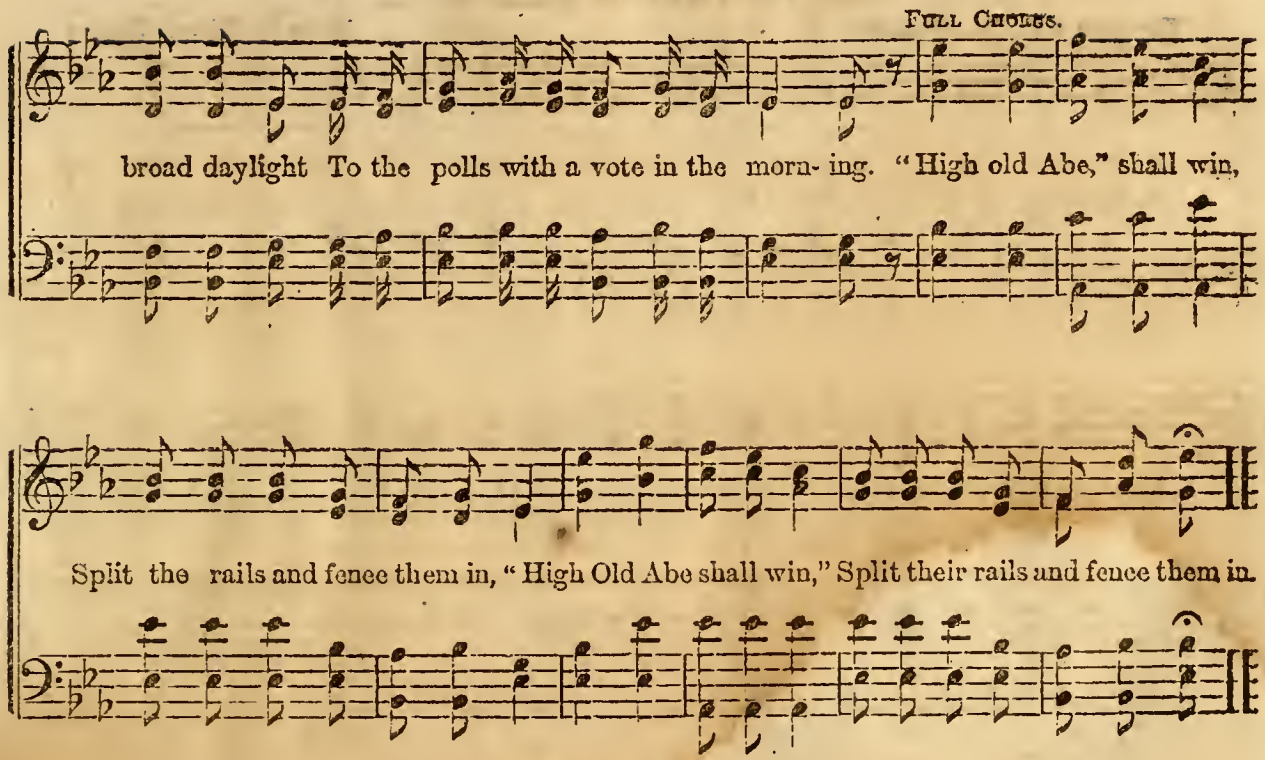
Shout again, with a voice heaven rending,
May the sword shield and sheltering wing,
Chariots burning and mantles descending
Be the final reward of the Prairie King.
Chorus.

"HIGH OLD ABE SHALL WIN." Quartette.

Words by C. W. B.

Arranged by HENRY TUCKER.





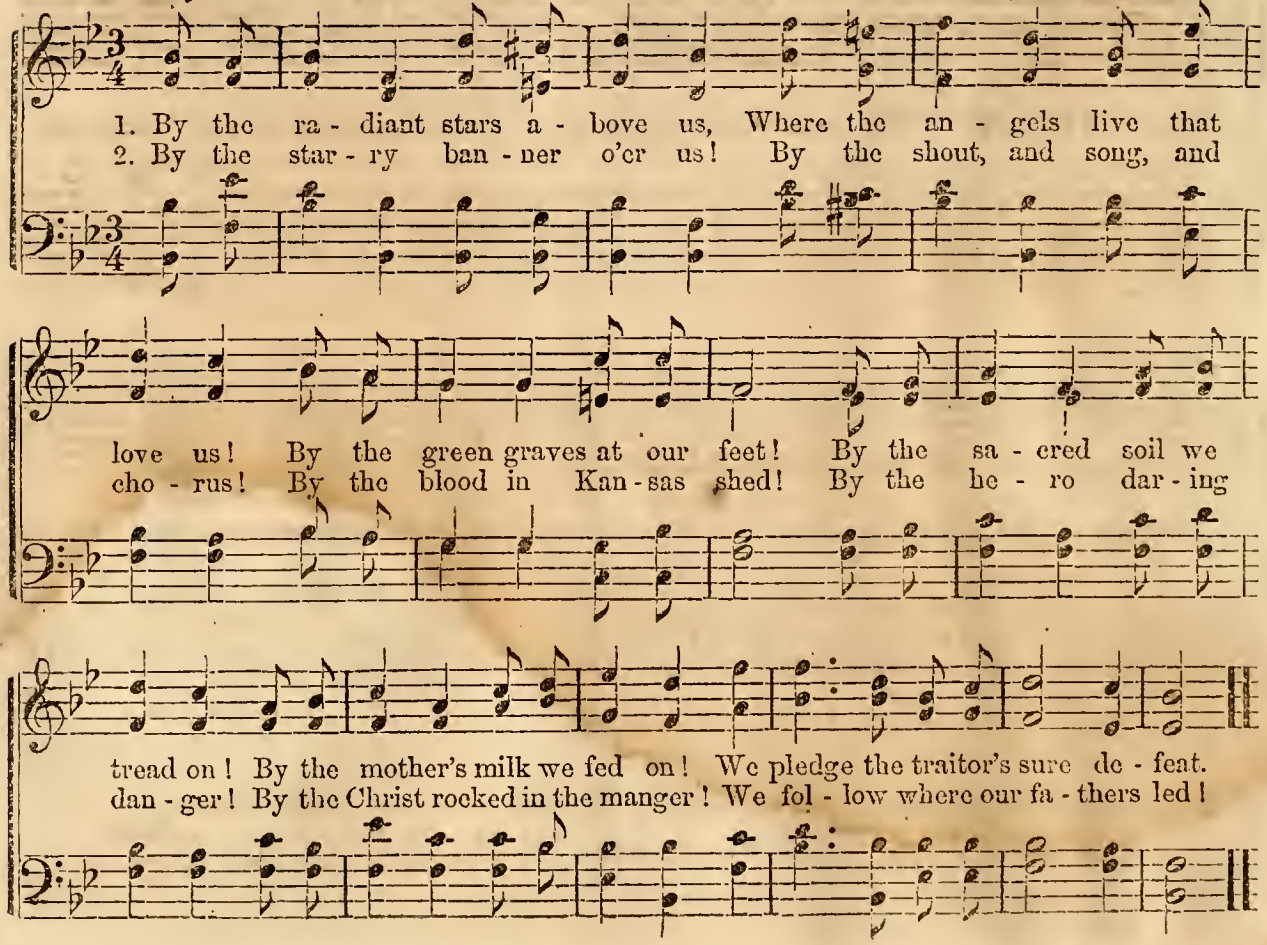
4. The South's too hot, the North's too cold,
The turn too new, the trick too old,
For Democrats to win the day
By nominating Stephen A.
Chorus.—Then dance, &c.

5. If let alone they'll *beat* themselves,
And lay their candidates on shelves,
And leave them there alone to dry,
So poor old horses let them die.
Chorus.—Then dance, &c.

MANTLES DROPPED AT LEXINGTON.

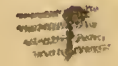
CHORUS FOR MALE OR MIXED VOICES.

Words by Geo. W. Bungay. Music by Henry Tucker.



3. By the dear ones at our altars!
By the faith that never falters!
By the hopes beyond the sky!
By the Heaven that 's bending o'er us!
By the martyrs gone before us!
We will conquer, or we 'll die.

4. By the battles, long and gory,
And the victory and glory,
Which our hero-fathers won!
By the hearts that we inherit!
We will win and wear with merit
Mantles dropped at Lexington.



WESTERN STAR! GIVE IT THREE CHEERS.

AIR—"*Gayly the Troubadour.*"

1. BRIGHTLY the WESTERN STAR
Beams o'er our land,
Shedding its radiance
On every hand:
Kind are its bounteous rays,
Chasing our fears—
Western Star! Western Star!
Give it three cheers.

2. Richly it brings us
Promise of peace—
Giving, from misrule,
Joyful release;
Tidings of triumph
It brings to our ears—
Western Star! Western Star!
Give it three cheers.

3. Mechanics and farmers
Hail the glad day,
When Free Labor gives them
Good price and pay.
Brightly the Western Star
O'er us appears—
LINCOLN, the "*Rail-Splitter!*"
Give him three cheers.

4. They, who "the victor's spoil"
Claimed as their own,
Shall, this year, their power see
Fully o'erthrown:
RIGHT shall prevail over
Misrule of years—
WESTERN STAR! EASTERN STAR!
Give *each* three cheers.

5. All shall *encore* again
Loudly the shout,
The PEOPLE will raise, when
The *Slaveites* are out.
When Buchanan 's defunct,
And misrule disappears,
For LINCOLN and HAMLIN
THREE TIMES THREE CHEERS!

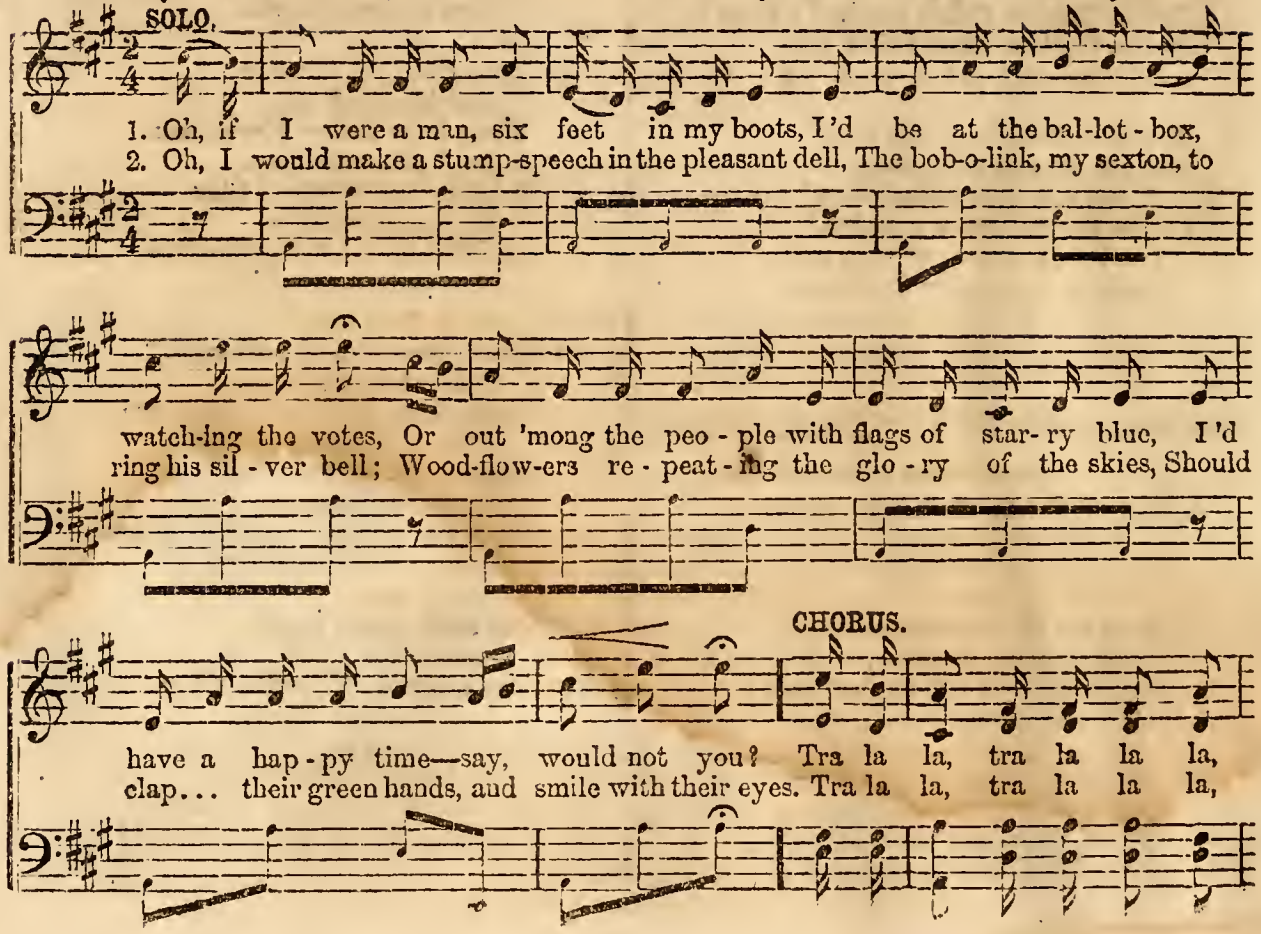
G. K.

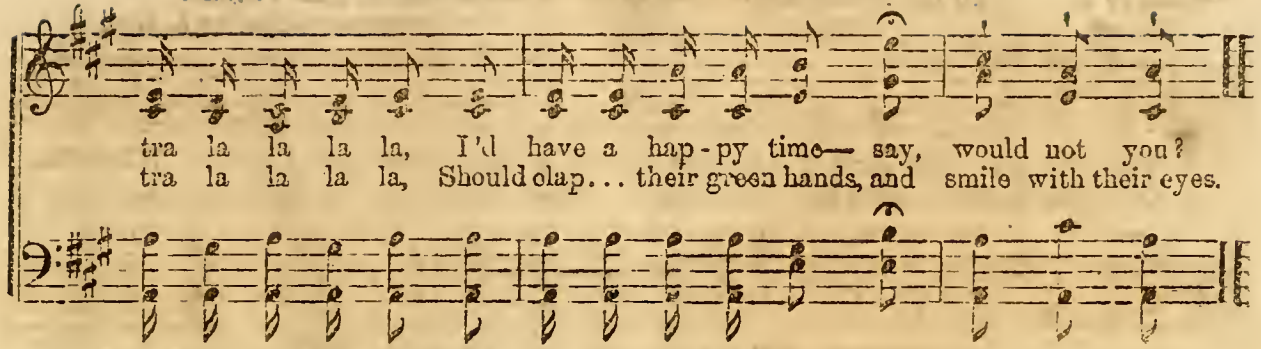
THE BOY'S WISH.

SOLO AND CHORUS FOR CHILDREN.

Words by G. W. B. Music by M.

AIR—"*If I were a little bird.*" Arr by H. W





3. I should cross the prairie, where the wild flowers bloom,
And visit honest Lincoln in his western home;
For they say his heart is broad as the prairie sea-like plain,
And its pulses are true as the tides to the main.
Tra la la, tra la la la, tra la la la la,
And its pulses are true as the tides to the main.

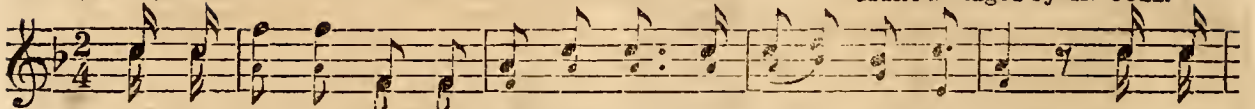
4. When trees are discrowned by winds in the fall,
And shiver in the cold blast, naked and tall,
When ballots drop like leaves or flakes in the blast,
My snow-leaf vote for Lincoln should be cast.
Tra la la, tra la la la, tra la la la la,
My snow-leaf vote for Lincoln should be cast.

4. I would n't be a democrat, and vote for yokes and chains,
The robin would rebuke me in his mellow strains;
My pretty friends, the flowers, would all blush for shame,
And the bronzed honey-bee would never hum my name.
Tra la la, tra la la la, tra la la la la,
And the bronzed honey-bee would never hum my name.

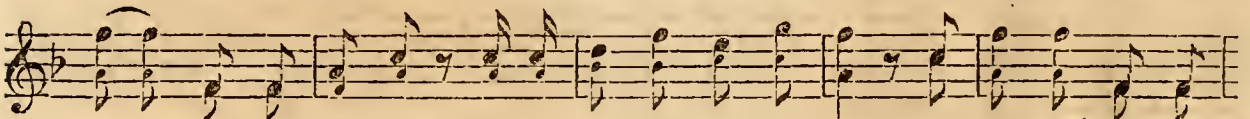
WE'LL ALL TAKE A RIDE.

Words by B. SOLO OR DUET, AND CHORUS WITH MALE OR MIXED VOICES.

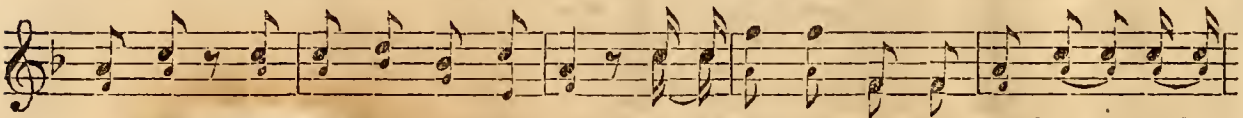
Vivace. Music arranged by A. Cull.



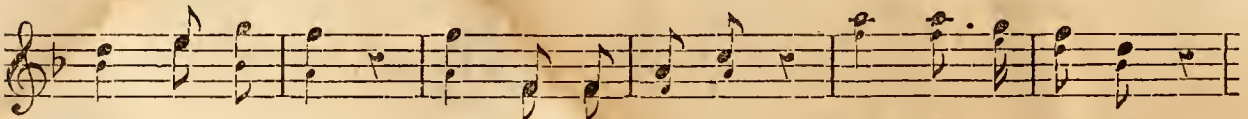
1. They will go with our brave leaders from the green mountain's height, Where the
2. Oh! they'll come from the val - leys of fresh em-e - rald and gold; And the



tints on the blossoms tell the sto - ry of the fight; Oh! next e - lec - tion
rude hills of gran-ite, where the bat-tle-smoke up-rolled, With the bugle and the

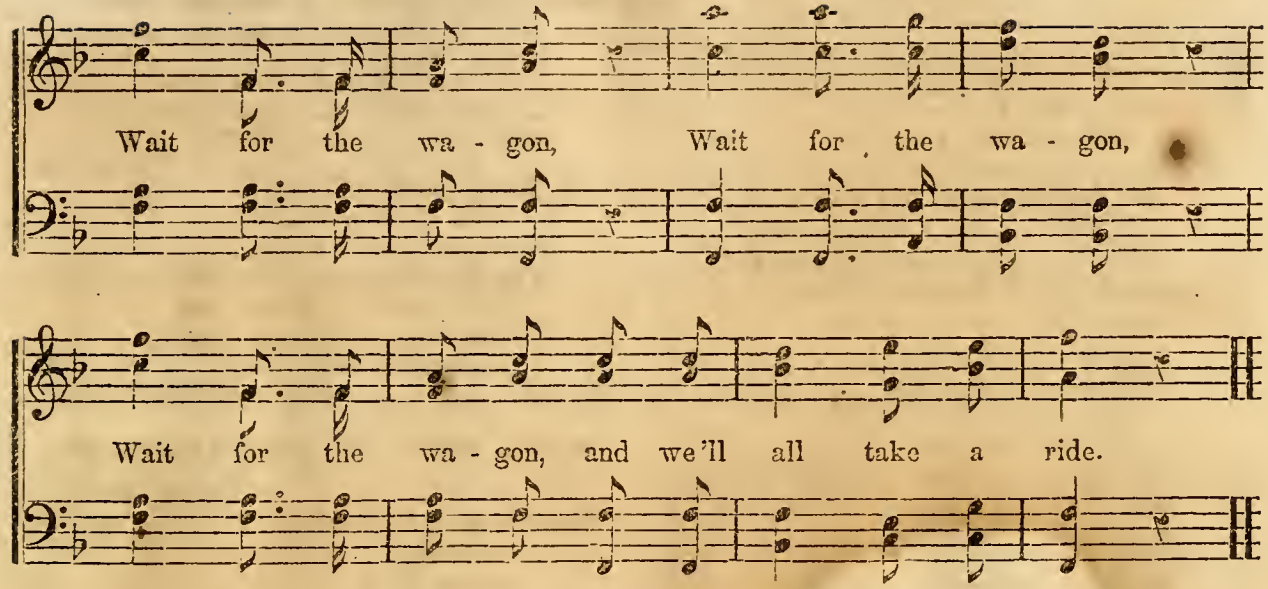


morn-ing, with mil - lions at our side, We will leap in - to the freedom car, and
ban - ner, and the o - ver - flow-ing heart, So jump in - to the wa - gon, and we will



all take a ride. Wait for the wa - gon, Wait for the wa - gon,
all take a start. Wait for the wa - gon, &c.

Wait for the wa - gon, and we'll all take a ride.



3. Where the Mississippi rolls, like a silver belt along,
Where Niagara shouts for freedom in the thunder of her song,
Where the avalanches tumble from the tall mountain side,
They will jump into the wagon, and will all take a ride.
Chorus.—Wait for the wagon, &c.

4. In the far off El Dorado, where the gold diggers toil;
And the broad western prairies, where the flowers spell free soil,
Where the bobolink boasts, that his uncle will preside,
Armies wait for the wagon, and will soon take a ride.
Chorus.—Wait for the wagon, &c.

ABE OF THE WEST AND VICTORY.

BY FARMER BELL.

[The West, with her chosen Candidate for the Presidency, will bear a fearfully responsible part in deciding the inaugurated Campaign for Liberty or Despotism.]

1. Sons of the West—awake!
   And gird your armor on,
The field of battle take,
And for your country's sake
   Strike! *till the Victory's won.*
Up! shout the echoing battle cry,
Abe of the West—and Victory.

2. Sons of the West—Awake!
   Rally your forces now
With Liberty at stake,
For home and kindred's sake—
   Old Spartan's metal show;
To arms! and shout the battle cry—
Abe of the West—and Victory.

3. Sons of the West—the Land
   Bids you be up and true—
The tories, with red hand,
Corruption's hireling band—
   Will hurl their shafts at you.
To arms! and shout the battle cry—
Abe of the West—and Victory.

4. Sons of the West—the Past
   Its history will tell,
Of mildew canker, blast
And ruin coming fast—
   To toll your country's knell;
To arms! and shout the echoing cry—
Abe of the West—and Victory.

5. Sons of the West—the *hour*
   That stamps your fate, has come;
Darkly the tempests lower,
As tyrants gather power,
   To trample Freedom's home.
Up, Freemen! shout the battle cry!
Abe of the West—and Victory.

6. The Rubicon we leap
   With flashing armor on,
Our sacred vows we keep,
The Western States we'll sweep
   For Freedom's valiant son;
Triumphant legions join the cry,
Our President and Liberty.

RURAL VIEW, *May* 30, 1860.

WE'RE BOUND TO WORK ALL NIGHT.

Tune—"*Du da.*"

1. THERE's an old plow "hoss" whose name is "Dug,"
   Du da, du da,
He's short and thick—a regular "plug,"
   Du da, du da day.
Chorus.—We're bound to work all night,
   We're bound to work all day,
   I'll bet my money on the "Lincoln hoss,"
   Who bets on Stephen A.

2. The "Little plug" has had his day,
   Du da, du da,
He's out of the ring by all fair play,
   Du da, du da day.—*Cho.*

3. He tried his best on the Charleston track,
Du da, du da, [Jack,"
But couldn't make time with his "Squatter
Du da, du da day.—*Cho.*

4. "Old Abraham's" a well-bred nag,
Du da, du da,
His wind is sound—he'll never lag,
Du da, du da day.—*Cho.*

5. In '58 he tried his gait,
Du da, du, da,
He trotted Douglas through the State,
Du da, du da day.—*Cho.*

6. In '60 now we're going to trot,
Du da, du da,
So "plank" your money on the spot,
Du da, du da day.—*Cho.*

7. The "Lincoln hoss" will never fail,
Du da, du da,
He will not shy at ditch or "rail,"
Du da, du da day.—*Cho.*

8. The "Little Dug" can never win,
Du da, du da,
That Kansas job 's too much for him,
Du da, du da day.—*Cho.*

9. His legs are short, his wind unsound,
Du da, du da,
His "switch tail" is too near the ground,
Du da, du da day.—*Cho.*

10. He tried the ring the other day,
Du da, du da,
But a five-rail fence stands in the way,
Du da, du da day.—*Cho.*

OH, YOU CAN'T GO THE CAPER, STEPHEN.

1.

Our Sucker pole is planted,
Our flag is now unfurled,
For Abe we go undaunted,
We proclaim it to the world.
Ye slanderers of Republicans,
Lay down your pen and paper,
For little Stephen's race is run—
He cannot go the caper.
O! you can't go the caper, Stephen, no how.

2.

Ye friends who fought the noble fight
For Fremont, and Fillmore too,
Remember that we've met this night
To organize anew.
And by the blessings of that Power
Which smiled on those of yore,
We'll lay slave-traders on their backs,
And Stephen on the floor.
O! you can't go the caper, Stephen, no how.

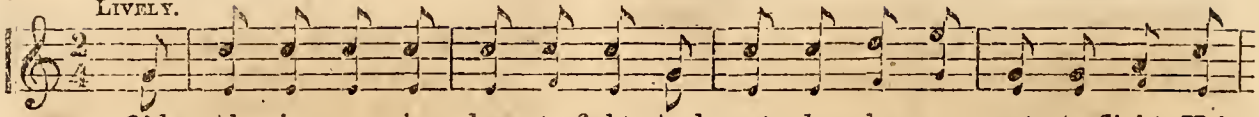
3.

And now huzza, my lively lads,
We'll take a noble stand,
In favor of our Statesman—
The greatest of the land;
The wood-chopper of Sangamo,
Who dares our rights maintain,
And never will submit to
A Southron's selfish reign.
O! you can't go the caper, Stephen, no how.

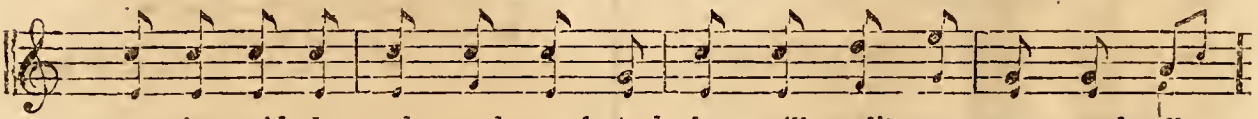
GET OUT DE WAY, YOU LITTLE GIANT.

Words by B. G. W. Solo or Duet with Male Chorus. Arr. by A. Cull.

Lively.

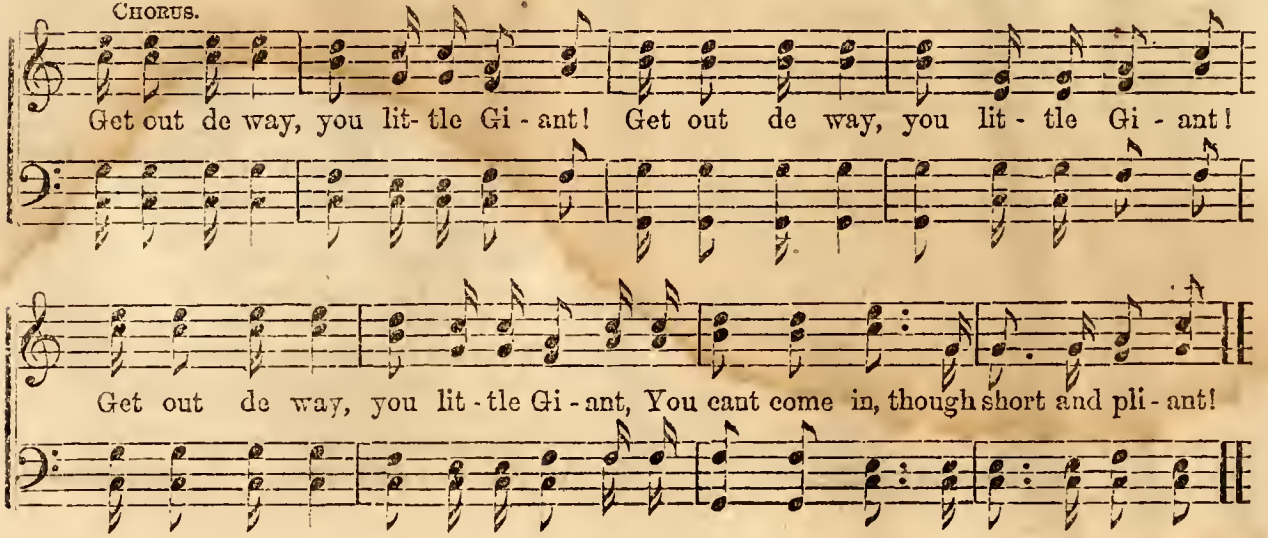


1. Old Abe is com-ing down to fight, And put de dem-o - crats to flight, He's
2. De Pub - li - cans dey come wid rails, From de mountains and de vales, And
3. Old Abram lib in a big log hut—Can drive de wedge and use de glut, He



com- ing wid de wedge and maul, And he will split em one and all.
dey will drive de slavery hence, Or stop him wid an oak rail fence.
swings de maul, and when he hits, Goes in de ground, or else it splits.

Chorus.



Get out de way, you lit- tle Gi - ant! Get out de way, you lit - tle Gi - ant!

Get out de way, you lit - tle Gi - ant, You cant come in, though short and pli - ant!

4. Ole Abe knows how to drive de team,
For he neber goes by steam,
But now de ox-gad he will use,
And dust the giant in his shoes.
Chorus.—Get out de way, &c.

5. Look, de Prairie's all on fire,
If poor Douglas had grown higher,
He mought hab seen de smoke and stuff.
His short legs cant run fast enough.
Chorus.—Get out de way, &c.

HAMLIN FROM THE PILGRIM LAND.

(Air, "*Lu Lu is our darling pride.*")

1. Lincoln is the people's man,
Lincoln brave, Lincoln true,
Leading onward freedom's van,
All the conquest through;
Not a man in all the realm
Of our vast estate,
Better at our noble helm
Than our candidate;
Lincoln is the people's man,
Lincoln brave, Lincoln true,
Leading onward freedom's van,
All the conquest through.

2. Hamlin from the pilgrim land,
Freedom's home, comes to save,
Guiding with a patriot hand
O'er the stormy wave;
Onward glides our noble craft,
Laughing at the gale,
With her banner fore and aft,
And her peerless sail;
Hamlin is the people's man,
Hamlin brave, Hamlin true,
Fighting boldly in the van,
All the conquest through.

3. Clouds above our country lower,
Frowning clouds, drear and dark;
Waves of fierce contention roar
Round our gallant bark;
Yet upon this gloomy hour
Fall some words of peace,
At their talismanic power,
All contentions cease;
Lincoln is the people's man,
Lincoln brave, Lincoln true,
Leading onward freedom's van,
All the conquest through.

4. Pictures on the future lie,
Pictures clear, pictures bright,
We can see the rising day
Over error's night:
Tyranny retires in shame
From the halls of State,
Truth and freedom bless the name
Of our candidate;
Lincoln is the people's man,
Lincoln brave, Lincoln true,
Leading onward freedom's van,
All the conquest through.

Words by B. THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION. Air—"*Tip and Ty.*"

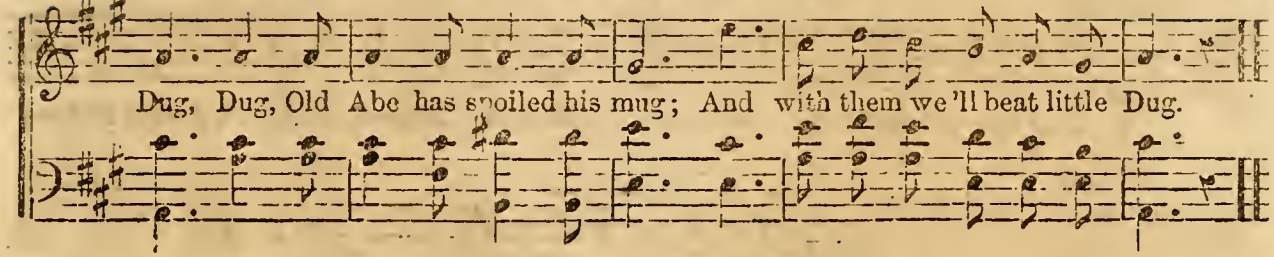
TRIO.

1. Oh, what has caused this great com-mo-tion, -mo-tion, -mo-tion, Our coun-try
2. Like the wild.. fire on west-ern prai-ries, prai-ries, prai-ries, The fires will
3. See the Doug-las ban-ner flut-t'ring, flut-t'ring, flut-t'ring, No stars a-

CHORUS.

through? It is the ball that's roll-ing on For Lincoln, the true—and Hamlin, too, For
go; And in its course will clear the way For Lincoln, the true, &c.
-glow; Up in its place un-roll the flag Of Lincoln, the true, &c.

Lin-coln, the true—and Ham-lin, too, And with them we'll beat lit-tle Dug, Dug,



4. See the Douglas p'atform falling, falling, falling,
Down it must go;
And in its place will firmly stand
Chorus.—Abe Lincoln, the true, &c.

5. Let them prate about rail-splitting, splitting, splitting,
Flat-boating, too;
We'll swing the maul, and drive the wedge
Chorus.—For Lincoln, the true, &c.

6. The Giant's days are short and few, short and few, short and few,
He's got a blow
From Abe's long maul, and he must fall.
Chorus.—Hurrah for Lincoln, the true, &c.

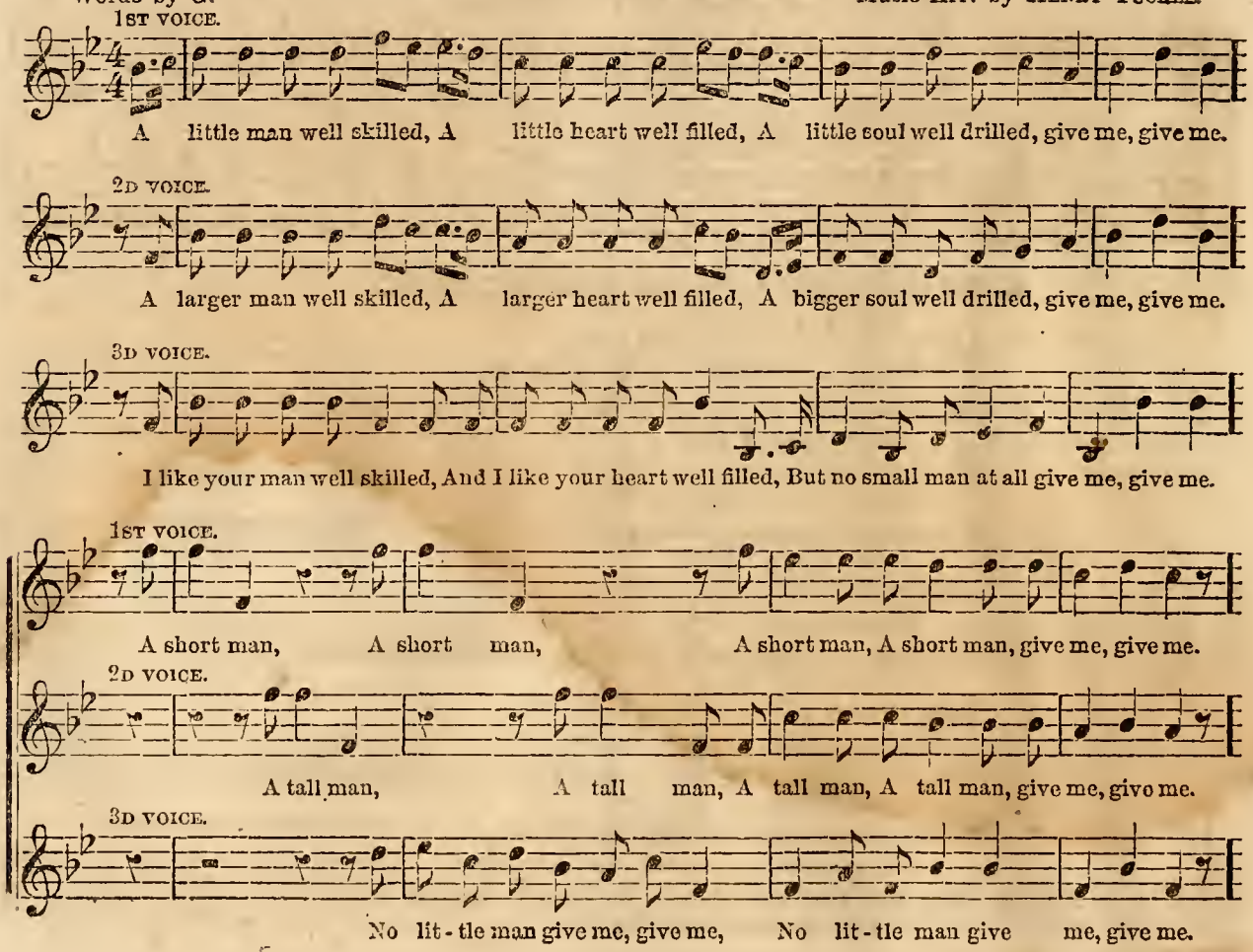
7. At Baltimore they had a sparring, sparring, sparring-
Match and fight, too;
Both parties will be whipped this fall,
Chorus.—By Lincoln, the true, &c.

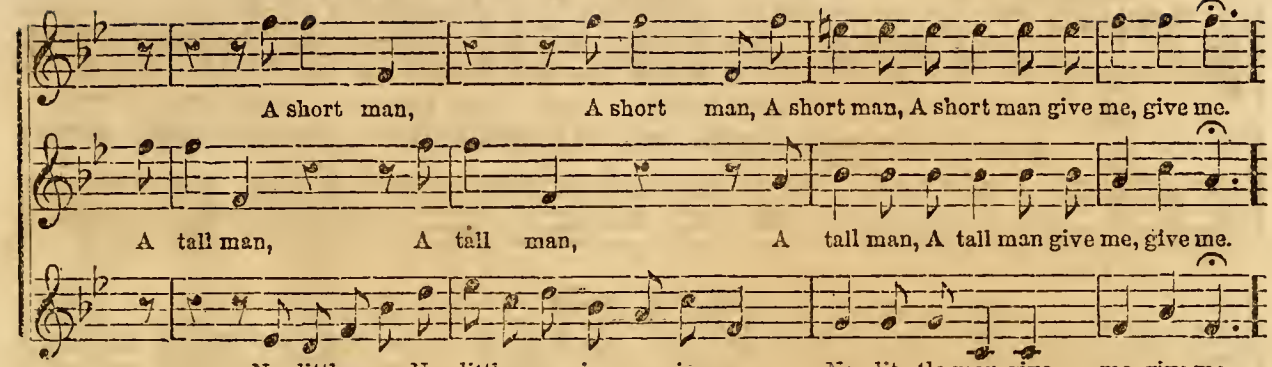
8. The old folks have a *Bell*, that's ringing, ringing, ringing,
We'll crack it through,
For we have splitters East and West.
Chorus.—Abe Lincoln, the true, &c.

9. John Breckinridge unfurls his banner, banner, banner,
More striped than blue;
But Lane is blue enough for all.
Chorus.—Hail, Lincoln, the true, &c.

28 THE TALLER MAN WELL SKILLED. Trio. (For Male Voices.)

Words by G. Music Arr. by HENRY TUCKER.



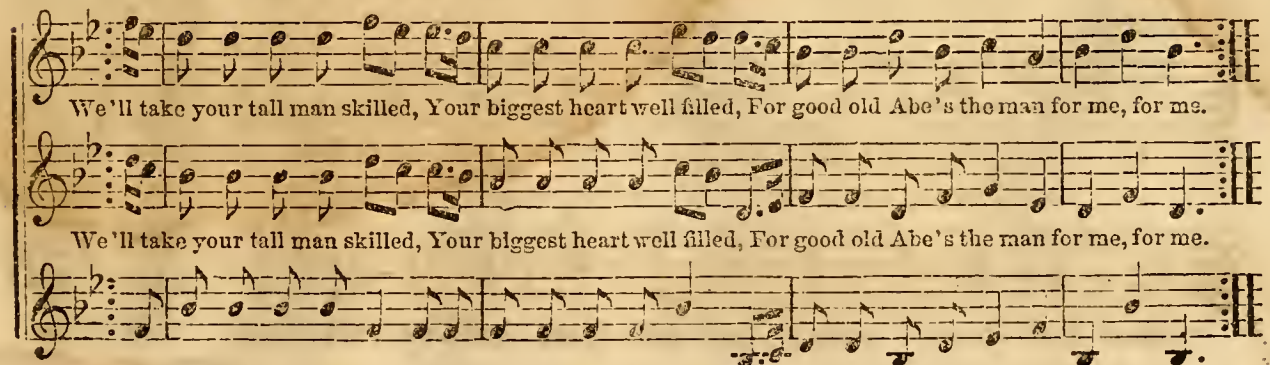


SPOKEN.

FIRST VOICE.—I shall go for Douglas, the Giant of the West, the sovereign of Squatters, with his coat tail near the ground.

SECOND VOICE.—I shall go for Bell-ringing to the music of the Union, besides honor will follow our flag where [*w. r il*] Everett goes.

THIRD VOICE.—And I shall go for Abraham Lincoln, the Farm-hand, the Flat-boat-man, the Rail-splitter, the Surveyor, the Legislator, the Soldier, the Member of Congress, the prospective President of the United States. Then go with me for the tall man of the West, &c., &c.



FOR ABE SHALL HAVE THE BELT.

Words by S. Music arranged by HENRY TUCKER.

QUARTETTE.

Oh, hear you not the wild huz-zas, That come from ev - ery State, For
Chorus. Then give us Abe, and Ham-lin too, To guide our gal - lant ship, With

Fine.

hon - est Un - cle A - bram L., The peo - ple's can - di - date.
Se - ward, Sum - ner, Chase, and Clay, And then a mer - ry trip.

DUET.

He is our choice, our nom - i - nee, A self - made man and true; We'll

D. C. Chorus.

show the Dem - o - crats this fall What hon - est Abe can do.

2.

Come, Uncle Buck, you 'd better go,
While you can see the way;
I fear your nerves won't stand the shock,
On next election day.
So take your hat—what 's that you say?
You are so cold you shiver—
Why, that 's the way you 'll feel, my dear,
When sailing up Salt River.

Chorus.—Then give us Abe, &c.

3.

I hear that Dug is half inclined,
To give us all leg-bail,
Preferring exercise on foot
To riding on a rail.
For Abe has one already mauled
Upon the White House plan;
If once Dug gets astride of that,
He is a used-up man.

Chorus.—Then give us Abe, &c.

4.

Come, rally with us here to-night,
Be "Wide Awake" for fun,
For we shall surely win the day,
Before old sixty-one.
From North to South, from East to West,
Our power shall be felt,
I tell you, fight with all your might,
For Abe shall have the *Belt*.

Chorus.—Then give us Abe, &c.

ANXIOUS STEPHEN!

AIR—"*Cynthia Sue.*"

1. Stephen 's on the anxious seat,
He 'd like to rule this nation;
He thought at Charleston, without doubt,
He 'd get the nomination.
Chorus—Stephen, oh! Stephen,
You will not do at all,
You did slip up at Charleston,
And got a mighty fall.

2. 'T is said you stumbled o'er a rail,
One of Abe Lincoln's mauling,
And Democrats, o'er Lincoln's rails,
Will constantly be falling.—*Chorus.*

3. The mention of your name, 't is said,
Makes Mr. Yancey hot,
And Yancey and his friends declare
They 'll make the Squatter squat.—*Chor.*

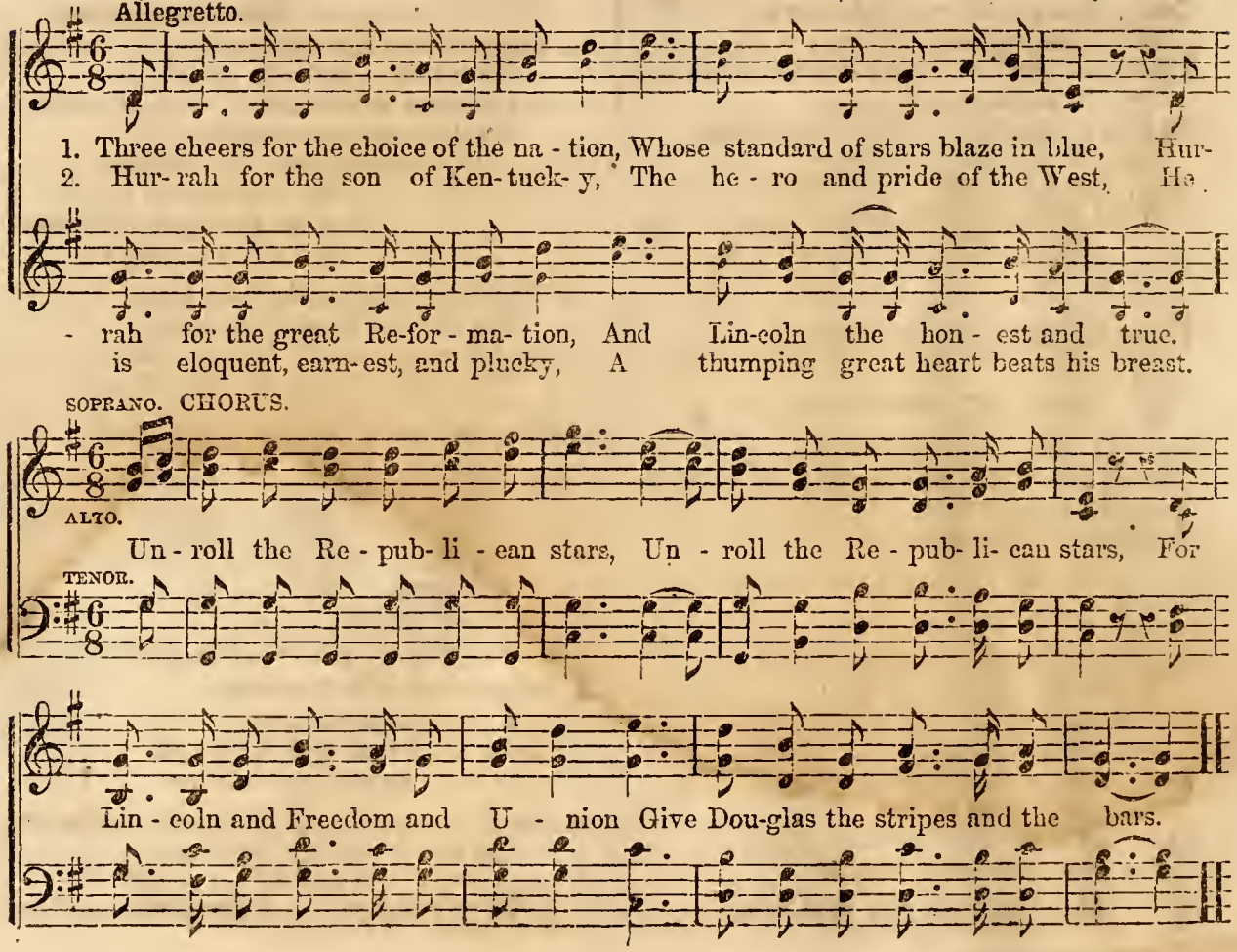
4. Abe Lincoln's rails are all as straight
And sound as they can be,
He never made a cut at all,
But from a "pop'lar" tree.—*Chorus.*

5. Stephen went to Baltimore,
And got a nomination,
Amid the wreck and the uproar
Of final separation—*Chorus.*

6. The North went north, the South went south,
The storm was loud and louder,
And every man opened his mouth,
To talk of pistols and gunpowder.—*Chor.*

"UNROLL THE REPUBLICAN STARS."

Words by GEO. W. BUNGAY. Solo or Duet, with mixed Chorus. Music arr. by A. CULL.



3 Lo! once clothed in mail and defiant,
In Egypt our brave leader found,
Clad in armor of brass, a short giant,
Whose coat-tail dropped close to the ground.
Chorus.—Unroll, &c.

4 They met, and they measured their lances,
Douglas was foiled and Lincoln won.
Now Douglas can make no advances,
Unhorsed and unhelmed and undone.—*Cho.*

5 Three cheers for the choice of the nation,
Whose standard of stars blaze in blue,
Hurrah for the great Reformation,
And Lincoln the honest and true.—*Cho.*

SPLITTIN' OB DE RAIL.

AIR,—"*Sittin' on a rail.*"

1 OLD Abe walk'd out by de light ob de moon,
For Abe, you know, 's a sly old 'coon,
And merrily he did sing dis tune,
A splittin' ob de rail,
A splittin' ob de rail,
De ten foot oak fence rail.
He cut his cut wid wedge and glut,
And maul of hickory tough.

2 Tom Ewing boil'd de brackish water,
Corwin drove faster than he oughter,
But Abe 's de real ring-tail snorter,
A splittin' ob de rail,
A splittin' ob de rail,
De ten foot white oak rail.
He drove his glut right through de cut,
Wid maul and hickory tough.

3 Bill Seward, with his manners bland,
And fame that spread throughout the land,
Thought he the White House would command,
But never split de rail,
He never split de rail,
Old fashioned worm fence rail,
Nor drove the glut clean through de cut
Wid maul of hickory tough.

4 They trotted out one Neddy Bates,
And ciphered largely on their slates,
But, though they searched through all his dates
He never split de rail,
He never split de rail,
Split hairs but not de rail,
Nor drove de glut into de cut,
Wid maul of hickory tough.

5 Ben Wade dey said was good wid spade,
And graves for by-gone Whigs had made,
But people didn't like his trade—
He nebber split de rail,
He had not split de rail,
De ole Virginny rail;
His wa'n't the glut to rend de cut,
Wid maul of hickory tough.

6 Some politicians thought dat Chase
Would be de foremost in de race,
But soon he had to gin de place
To Abe, who split de rail—
To him who split de rail,
The time-defying rail,
And who can maul de Democrats,
Wid motto "Never fail."

THE MARCH OF THE FREE.

AIR,—"*Hark! the soft Bugle.*"

1 HARK! an earthquake's deep roar o'er the country is booming,
But no ruin behind it is seen;
With joy each heart swelling, each visage illuming,
Earth brightens where'er it hath been.
The West's gallant spirits first thrilled to its pealing,
As onward it rolled to the sea;
Now the North, East, and Center the impulse are feeling,
'T is the rising and march of the Free!

2 No portents precede, and no true hearts deplore it,
No bright stars wane dim in the sky;
Misrule's cohorts faint are alone swept before it,
And quail as its blast hurtles by;
Corruption's shrunk bands to their caverns are driven,
As chaff in the tempest they flee;
While full on the ear, 'neath the glad smile of heaven,
Break the shouts and the march of the Free!

3 No banners are lifted, no trumpets are sounding,
As that host in its triumph moves on;
And the burst of deep joy from each valley resounding,
Tells how tearless the victory's won.
As trembles the earth to its mighty emotion,
More firm grows each Patriot knee;
While People and States, from the Lakes to the Ocean,
Proudly join in the march of the Free!

4 From thy borders, Penobscot, their shout has ascended,
Connecticut's tide bears it on;
Till with thine, Mississippi, its surgings are blended,
And Roanoke recalls glories gone;
Thou, placid Ohio, art thrilled with the spirit
Waked from Michigan's marge to the sea,
And our own noble Hudson so proudly shall bear it,
And joy in the march of the Free!

HON. HORACE GREELEY.

LINCOLN AND HAMLIN THE TRUE.

AIR—"*The Red, White and Blue.*"

1. OH! this land was ordained unto freedom,
The land of the brave and the free;
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by Old Abram, the true.
Chorus—When borne by Old Abram, the true,
When borne by Old Abram, the true,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by Old Lincoln, the true.

2. When slavery's wide desolation,
Had threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
With Lincoln rode safe through the storm;
With her garlands of victory around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flags proudly floating before her,
With Lincoln and Hamlin, the true.—*Cho.*

3. Then, goddess of freedom, come hither,
To thee we will fill to the brim,
May the wreath you have worn never wither,
Nor the star of your glory grow dim;
May the two that 's united ne'er sever,
But still to their colors prove true,
'Tis Lincoln and Hamlin, the true,
Three cheers for Old Lincoln, the true.—*Cho.*

J. M. T.

HE COMES! THE FEARLESS MAN.

[The following song was sung at the Republican Ratification Meeting at Boston.]

1. HE comes! he comes! the fearless man—
Throw all your banners forth!
Chicago bids him lead the van
Of a united North.
Chorus—Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Let shouts for Lincoln ring!
In union right let all unite
To hail our Prairie King.

2. A nation's hand has wreathed his brow,
With stars her valor won;
To union's quickstep, marching now,
Comes freedom's Western Son.—*Chorus.*

3. Farewell to cliques that would disown
The people's high behest—
That people's waiting hand shall crown
The Champion of the West.—*Chorus.*

4. The people's rights, the people's voice,
His battle cry shall be—
A nation, in Chicago's choice,
Hails freedom's sovereignty.—*Chorus.*

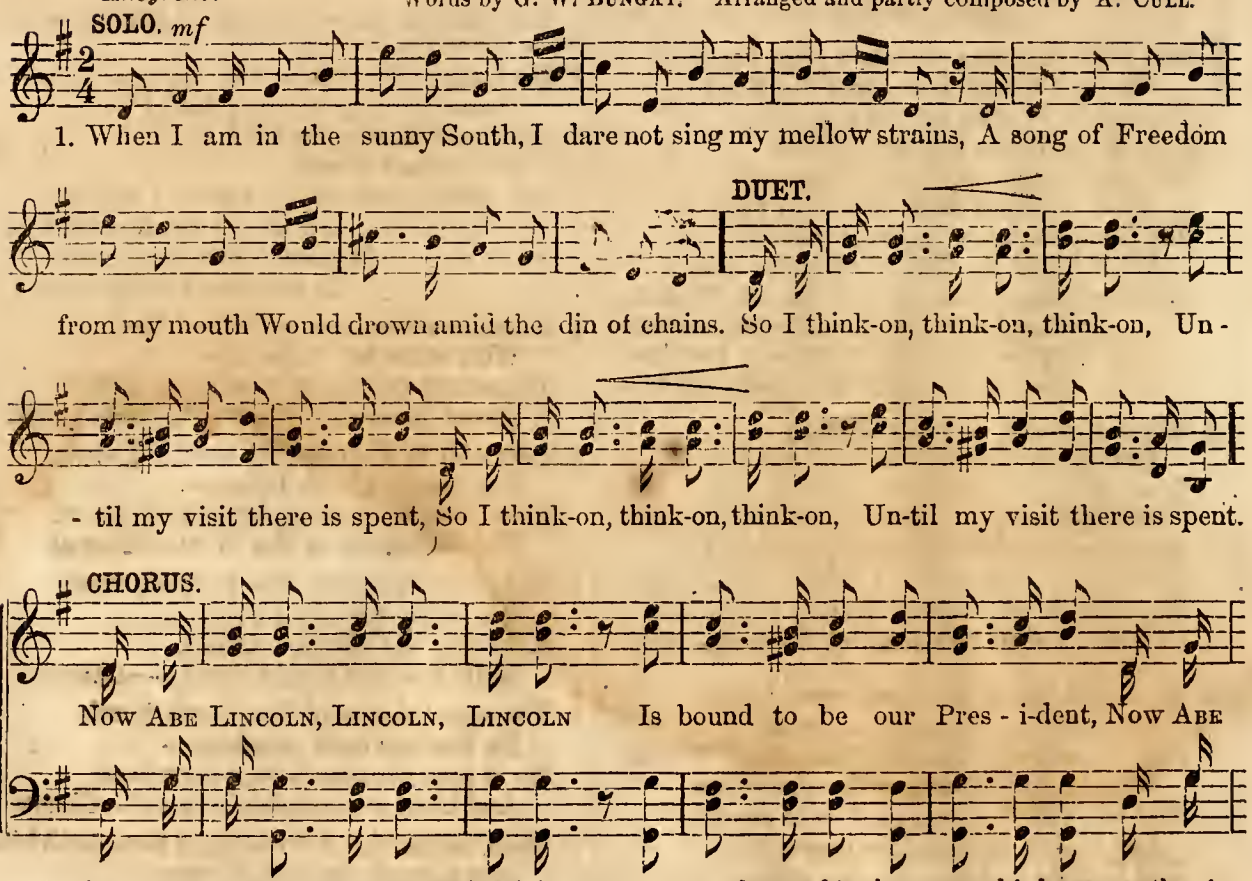
5. The equal rights of North and South,
He fearless doth proclaim—
He 'll tear disunion's flag from both,
And blast each traitor's name.—*Chorus.*

6. Then, 'neath the stripes time's hand hath blent,
'Neath stars our fathers won,
We 'll make our Lincoln President,
In Eighteen Sixty-one.—*Chorus.*

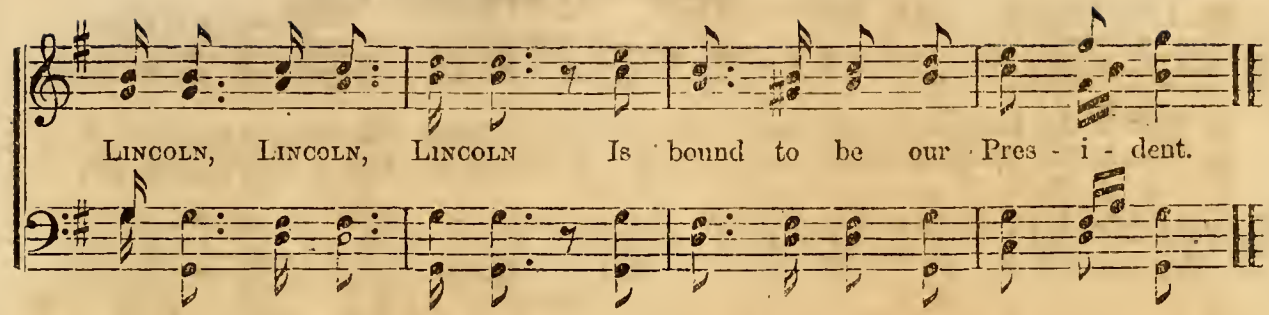
THE BOBOLINK'S* (CAMPAIGN) SONG.

SOLO, DUET, AND CHORUS FOR MALE VOICES.

Allegretto. Words by G. W. Bungay. Arranged and partly composed by A. Cull.



* When the bobolink migrates to the South he stops singing, changes his plumage, and is known as the rice-bird of Georgia and the Carolinas, and the reed-bird of Maryland.



2.

So, in the clover meadows here,
I spread with joy my happy wing,
And long before another year
In the fair South-land I can sing:
Now I'll drink-on, drink-on, drink-on,
From the soft flower-cups filled with dew;

Chorus.

Cousin Lincoln, Lincoln, Lincoln,
Here are my best respects to you.

3.

May every man who feels and thinks
The time of triumph is at hand,
Repeat the song of Bobolinks,
Now ringing through our happy land.
If our Lincoln, Lincoln, Lincoln
Fails, notwithstanding my sweet strains,

Chorus.

I shall get, I'm thinkin', thinkin',
A coat of feathers for my pains.

4.

I can be chief musician here;
Only a reed or rice-bird there;
I hush my notes for half the year,
And change the plumage that I wear.
In bright fields I blink-on, blink-on;
Now I am not, a plumed poltroon.

Chorus.

I will vote for honest Lincoln
To take the Presidential throne.

5.

They have no bards nor bobolinks
To sing for liberty divine,
In the fair land where slavery clinks,
Her chains across the Border-line.
They will clink-on, clink-on, clink-on,
Until the Union breaks in twain,

Chorus.

Unless votes for Lincoln, Lincoln
Fall fast like storms of summer rain.

QUARTETTE AND CHORUS FOR MALE VOICES.

Maestoso. *f* QUARTETTE. Music arr. by A. CULL.

1. What is the Patriot's Fa-ther-land? Is't Ma - ry-land? Vir - gin - ia-land? Is't
2. What is the Patriot's Fa-ther-land? Is't Jer-sey-land? Mis - sou - ri-land? Is't

Dolce. *f* CHORUS.

where Po - tomac's rushing tide Swift thro' the mountain-gorge doth glide? Ah! no, no,
where the clanging sea-fowls scream? Where rolls the Missis - sip-pi's stream? Ah! no, &c.

no! Greater by far that land, I trow, Greater by far that land, I trow.

3. What is the Patriot's Fatherland?
Is't eastern land? Is't western land?
Is't where the granite mountains rise?
Is't where the flowery prairie lies?
Ah! no, no, &c.

4. What is the Patriot's Fatherland?
Is't middle land? Is't border land?
Is't where the iron forges glow?
Is't where primeval forests grow?
Ah! no, no, &c.

5. What is the Patriot's Fatherland?
Name to me, then, the glorious land.
Is't where the snow-white plant expands?
Is't California's golden sands?
Ah! no, no, &c.

6. What is the Patriot's Fatherland?
Is't where once stood a noble band,
The freedom we enjoy to gain,
On Bunker's height, or Eutaw's plain?
Ah! no, no, &c.

7. What is the Patriot's Fatherland?
Name, then, at least, the glorious land.
Where'er the starry flag doth wave,
North, South, East, West, that land we have,
That should it be—~~that should it be~~,
True Fatherland to you and me.

8. The whole should be our Fatherland,
Unsevered by the traitor's hand,
Unshaken by fanatic zeal,
Where all shall seek the common weal.
That shall it be—that shall it be,
True Fatherland to you and me.

GERMAN TRANSLATION,

BY A. CULL

1. Was ist des Patriots Vaterland?
Ist's Maryland, Virginialand?
Ist's wo Potomacs wilde Fluth
Stürzt durch der Berge Pass mit Wuth?
Chorus.—Oh! nein, nein, nein!
‖: Das Vaterland muss grösser sein. :‖

2. Was ist des Patriots Vaterland?
Ist's Jerseyland, Missouriland?
Ist's wo am Meer die Möwe schreit?
Ist's wo der Mississippi breit?
Chorus.—Oh! nein, nein, &c.

3. Was ist des Patriots Vaterland?
Ist's Ostenland? ist's Westenland?
Ist's wo die Granitberge ruhn?
Ist's wo der Büffel, wo das Huhn?
Chorus.—Oh! nein, nein, &c.

4. Was ist des Patriots Vaterland?
Ist's innres Land—it's Grenzenland?
Ist's wo der Eisenhammer glüht?
Ist's wo geheim der Urwald blüht?
Chorus.—Oh! nein, nein, &c.

5. Was ist des Patriots Vaterland?
So nenn' es mir, das freie Land?
Ist's wo des Südens Pflanze grünt?
Ist's wo California's Gold ihr rühmt?
Chorus.—Oh! nein, nein, &c.

6. Was ist des Patriots Vaterland?
Ist's wo einst stritt die Heldenband
Für Freiheit, die uns jetzt erfreut,
Für Gleichheit, die der Mächt'ge scheut?
Chorus.—Oh! nein, nein, &c.

7. Was ist des Patriots Vaterland?
So nenn' es doch, das edle Land?
Wo auch die Sternenflagge weht,
Nord, Süd, Ost, West—ja, wo sie weht,
Chorus.—Da soll es sein,
Da soll das Vaterland stets sein.

8. Das ganze Land ein Vaterland,
Ja, nicht entzweit durch Feindeshand,
Grün soll es blühn im Herz des Volks,
Des Bürgers Schutz, des Bürgers Stolz.
Chorus.—Das soll es sein,
Das soll das Vaterland stets sein.

HI, RALLY! HO, RALLY!

BY J. B. MARSH.

Written for and sung at the Ratification Meeting in White Hall, New Castle, Pa., May 22, 1860.

AIR—"*Nelly Bly.*"

1. HAIL with joy
The Farmer's boy—
Shout! oh, shout with glee!
For LINCOLN, true,
And HAMLIN, too—
The Champions of the Free!
East and West,
Do your best,
Now, with heart and voice,
For LINCOLN, true,
And HAMLIN, too,
They are the people's choice.

Chorus—Hi, rally! Ho, rally!
Round the polls with me,
For LINCOLN, true,
And HAMLIN, too,
The Champions of the Free!

2. Humbly born—
Night and morn
Inured to care and toil—
From early youth
He was in truth,
A tiller of the soil;
With zealous skill
And powerful will,
(Deny the fact who can),
He worked his way,
And stands to-day
A noble, self-made man.

Cho.—Hi, rally! Ho, rally! &c.

Man and boy,
Shout with joy,
Let your voices sound;
LINCOLN'S name
And LINCOLN'S fame
Will Freedom's foes confound!
He'll use up Steve,
Too, we believe,
He whipped in other spats,
For he's the boy
To split the rails
And maul the Democrats.

Cho.—Hi, rally! Ho, rally! &c.

WHERE, OH! WHERE IS JIMMY BUCHANAN?

TUNE—"*Where, oh! where are the Hebrew Children?*"

1. WHERE, oh! where is the lordly party?
Where, oh! where is the lordly party,
Which so long has ruled the nation,
Worse and worse from year to year?

Cho.—Torn asunder by fierce dissensions,
Torn asunder by fierce dissensions,
Torn asunder by fierce dissensions,
Leaders all—"gone to the grass."

2. Where, oh! where is the valiant Stephen?
Where, oh! where is the valiant Stephen?
He who fights the Administration,
Reckless now of victory.

Cho.—He "went up" in the row at Charleston,
He "went up" in the row at Charleston,
He "went up" in the row at Charleston,
And came down at Baltimore.

3. Where, oh! where is "Jimmy" Buchanan?
Where, oh! where is "Jimmy" Buchanan?
Who went up to the Fed'ral Mansion,
Placed there as the people's choice?

Cho.—He has lost all popular favor,
He has lost all popular favor,
He has lost all popular favor,
Soon he'll go from whence he came.

4. Here, oh! here are the people's Champions,
Here, oh! here are the people's Champions,
Leaders bold of the opposition,
In the fall, to sweep the land.

Cho.—Honest Abe and Hannibal Hamlin,
Honest Abe and Hannibal Hamlin,
Honest Abe and Hannibal Hamlin,
Theirs to lead, we follow on.

5. Illinois to Maine sends greeting,
Illinois to Maine sends greeting,
Maine returns the salutation,
East and West the welkin rings.

THEN—Three loud cheers for the people's ticket,
Three loud cheers for the people's ticket,
Three loud cheers for the people's ticket,
Hurrah! Hurrah! hip, hip, Hurrah!

THEN PUT AWAY THE WEDGES AND THE MAUL.

AIR.—"*Uncle Ned.*"

THERE was an old hero, and they called him honest Abe,
And he lived out West, out West;
Work was his pleasure ever since he was a babe,
But now he's going to have a little rest.

Cho.—Then put away the wedges and the maul
Then get things ready for the Fall;
For we're bound to put him through,
Just to show what we can do,
And bring about a change—that's all.

His fingers ain't so long as the one's in office now,
And he has two good eyes in his head;
A full set of brains, and an honest, manly brow.
Which things, of many others, can't be said.

Cho.—Then put away, &c.

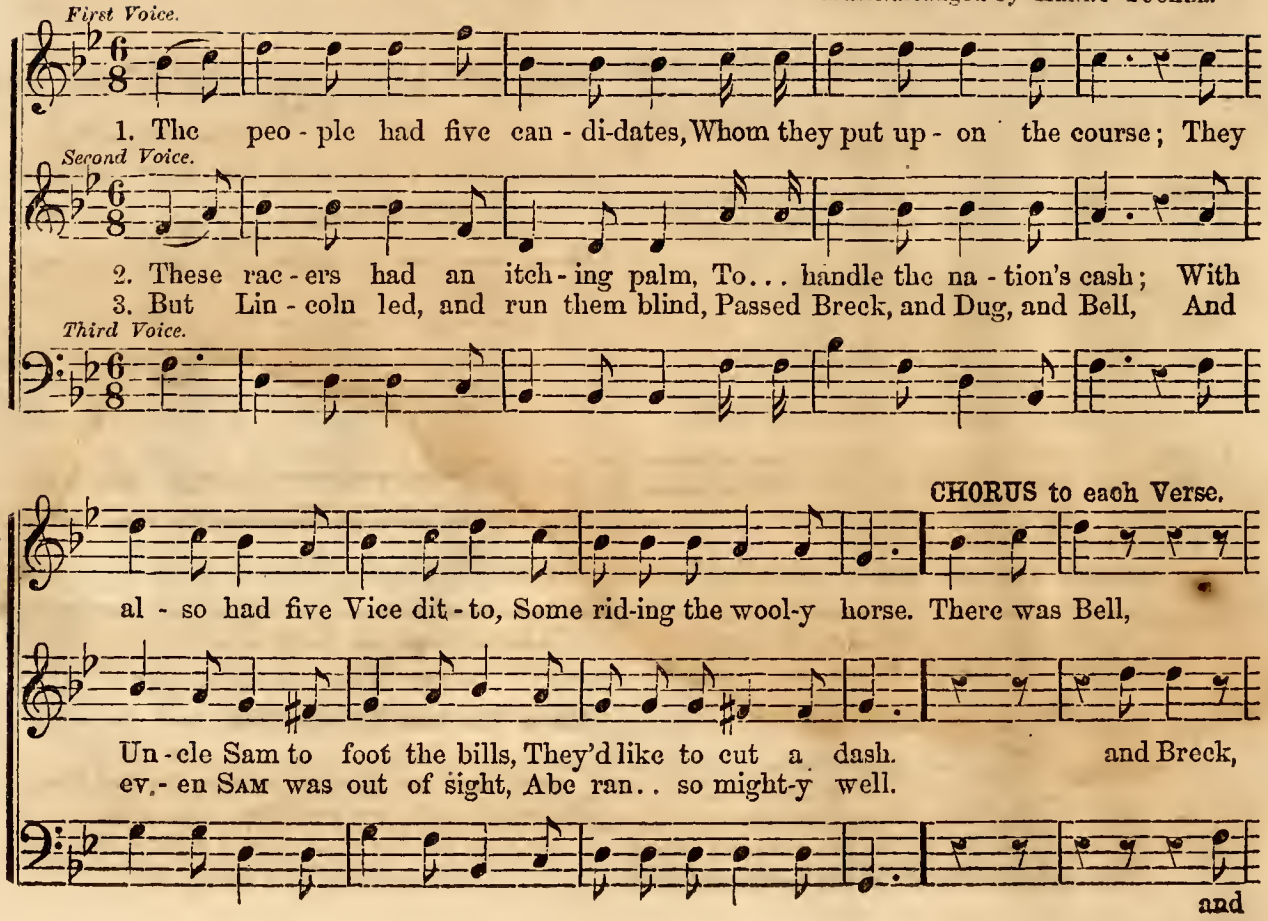
He is the man for the West, and the man for the East,
And the man for the middle portion, too;
He won't have our expenses increased,
So vote for the man who's honest and true.

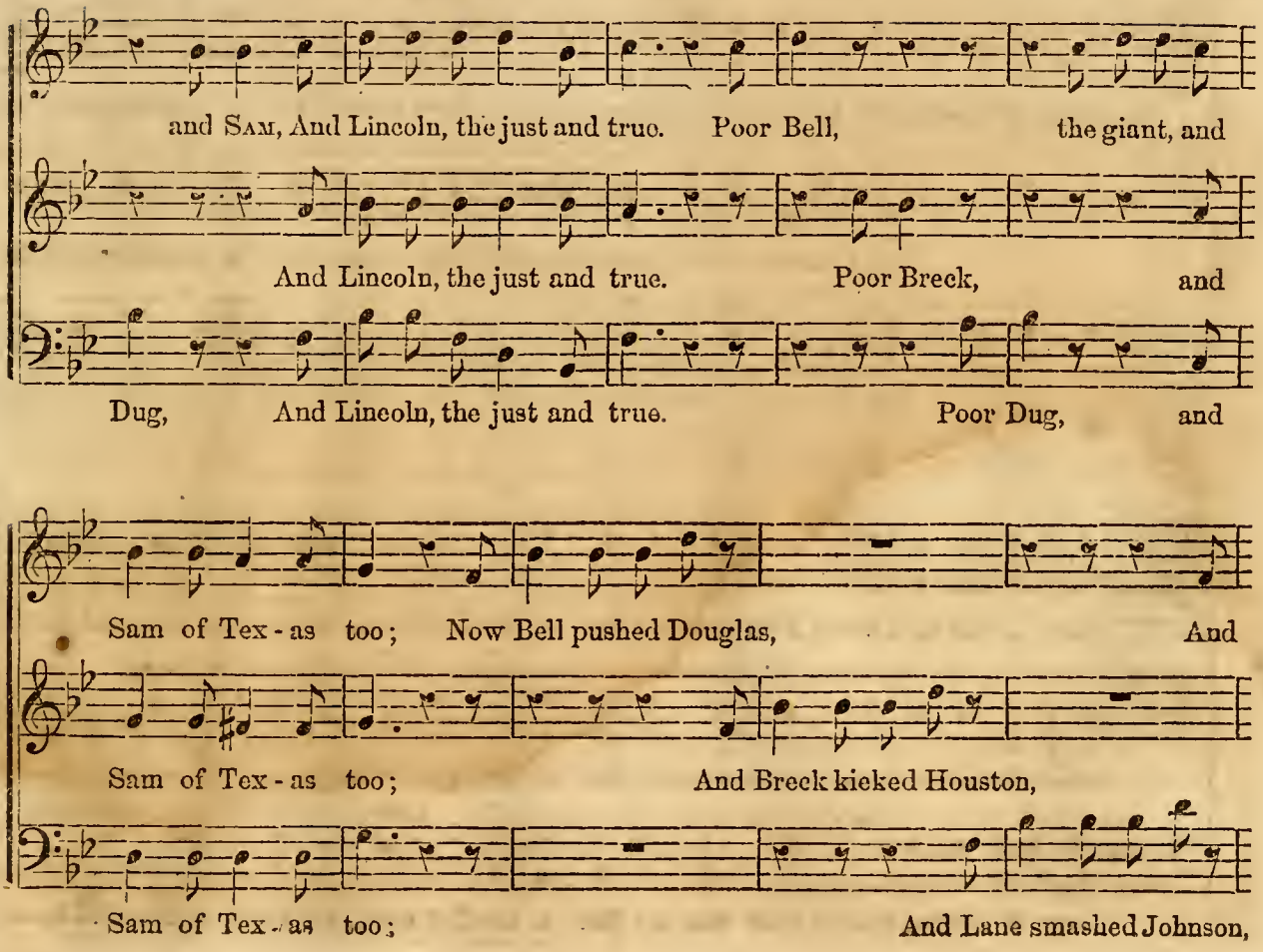
Cho.—Then put away, &c.

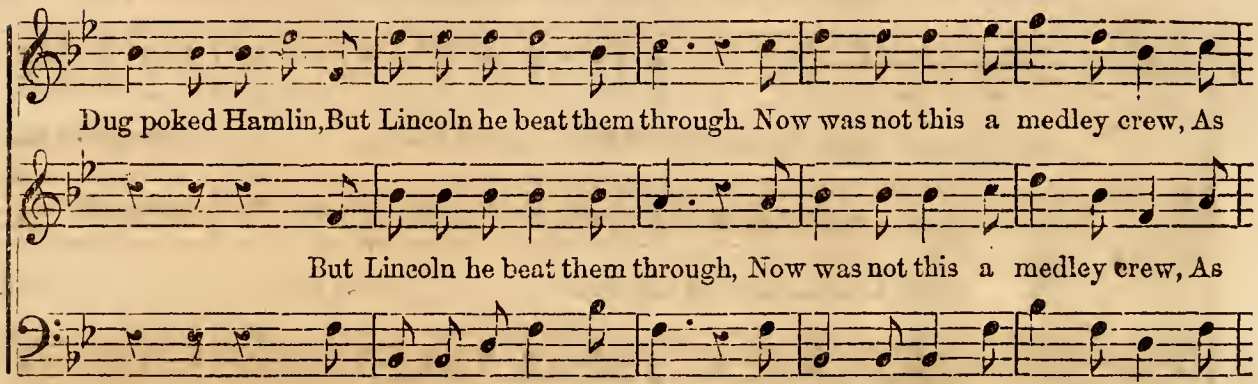
THE PEOPLE HAD FIVE CANDIDATES;

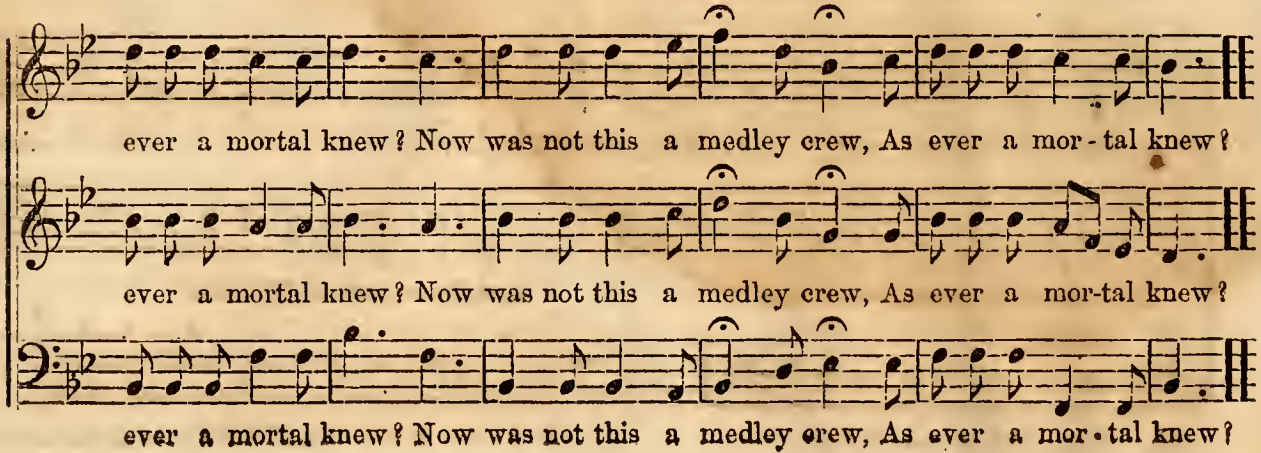
OR, THE MEDLEY CREW.

Music arranged by HENRY TUCKER.




and Sam, And Lincoln, the just and true. Poor Bell, the giant, and
And Lincoln, the just and true. Poor Breck, and
Dug, And Lincoln, the just and true. Poor Dug, and
Sam of Tex - as too; Now Bell pushed Douglas, And
Sam of Tex - as too; And Breck kicked Houston,
Sam of Tex - as too; And Lane smashed Johnson,


Dug poked Hamlin, But Lincoln he beat them through. Now was not this a medley crew, As
But Lincoln he beat them through, Now was not this a medley crew, As
But Lincoln he beat them through. Now was not this a medley crew, As

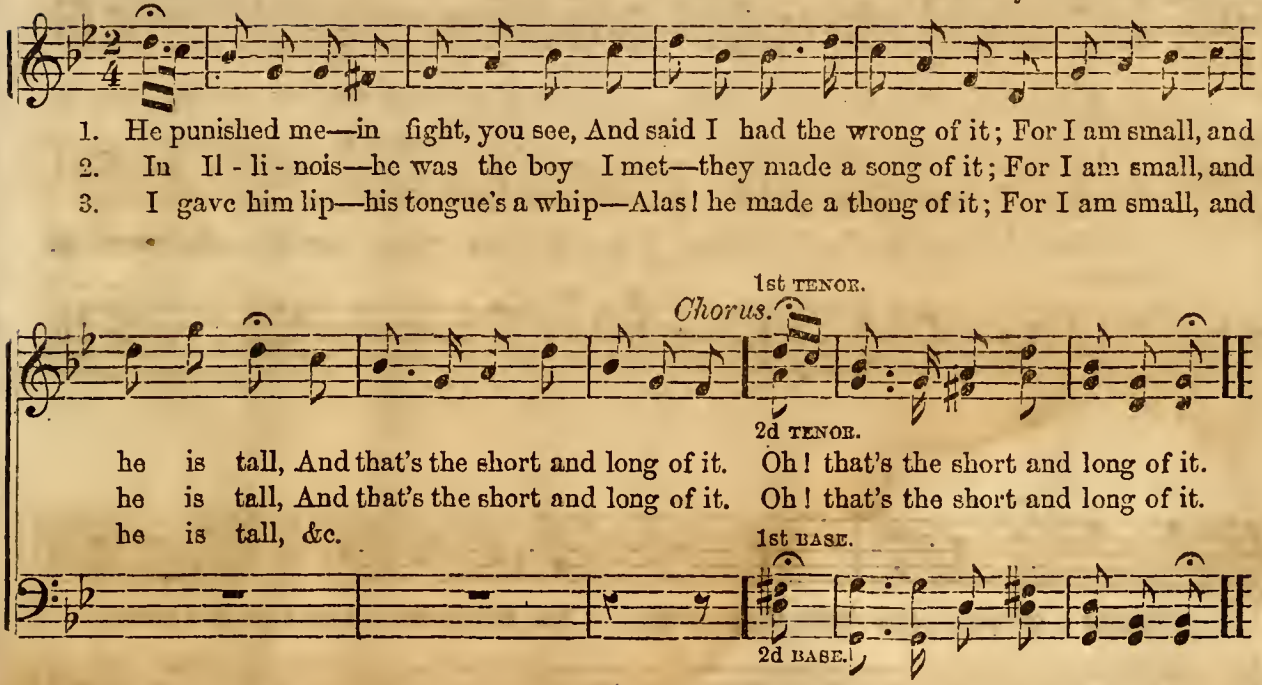

ever a mortal knew? Now was not this a medley crew, As ever a mor-tal knew?
ever a mortal knew? Now was not this a medley crew, As ever a mor-tal knew?
ever a mortal knew? Now was not this a medley crew, As ever a mor-tal knew?

OR, THE COMPLAINT OF DOUGLAS.

Words by B.

Doloroso.

Music by HENRY TUCKER.



1. He punished me—in fight, you see, And said I had the wrong of it; For I am small, and
2. In Il - li - nois—he was the boy I met—they made a song of it; For I am small, and
3. I gave him lip—his tongue's a whip—Alas! he made a thong of it; For I am small, and

he is tall, And that's the short and long of it. Oh! that's the short and long of it.
he is tall, And that's the short and long of it. Oh! that's the short and long of it.
he is tall, &c.

4. He split a rail—through my coat tail
He quickly thrust the prong of it;
For I am small, &c.—*Chorus.*

5. They made me ride—in vain I cried,
My tongue I made a gong of it;
But I am small, &c.—*Chorus.*

6. I'm five feet one, that lofty son
Is six feet four, and strong of it;
For I am small, &c.—*Chorus.*

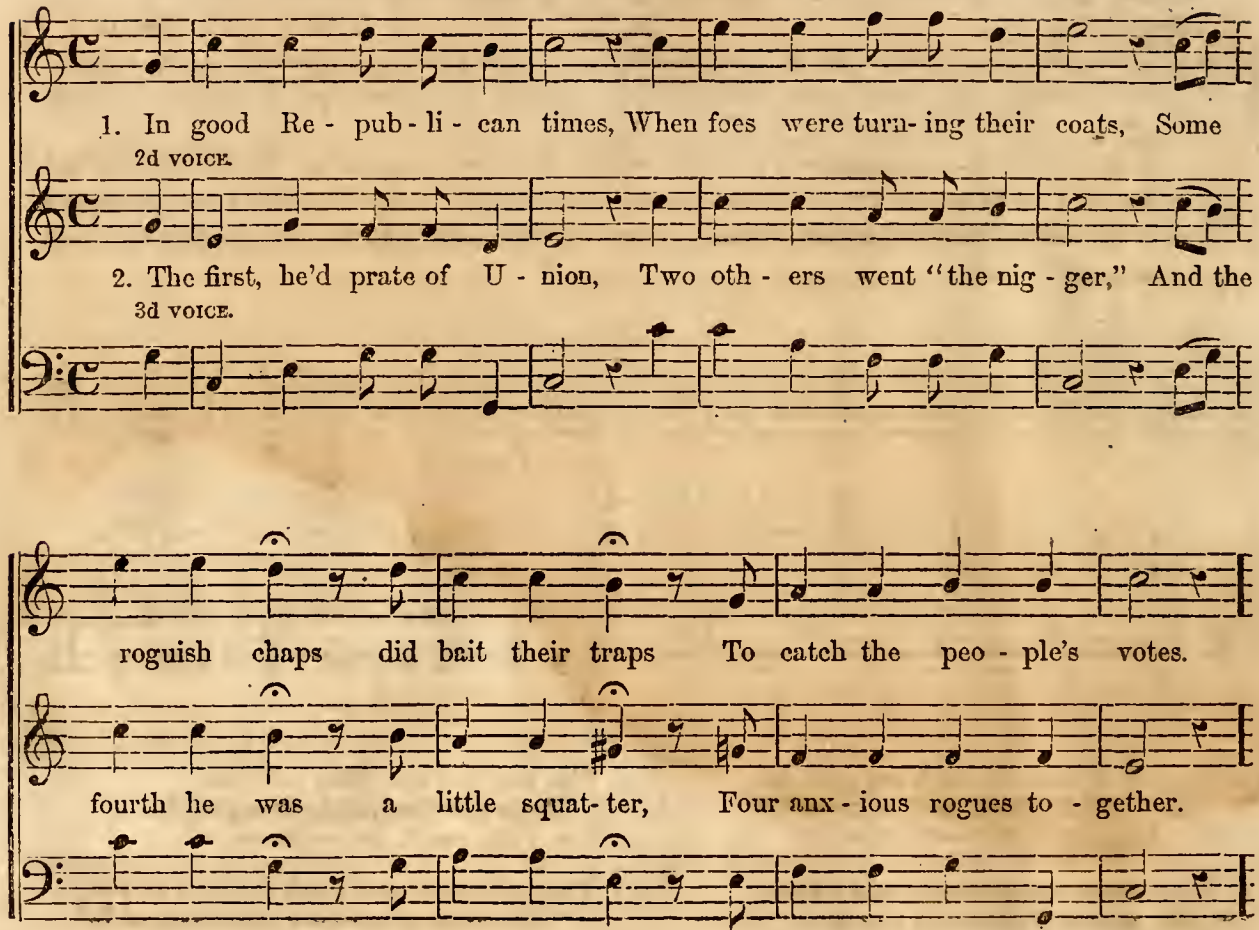
7. They pour for me, weak praise you see,
"He drinks the whole Souchong of it,"
For I am small, &c.—*Chorus.*

Words by G.

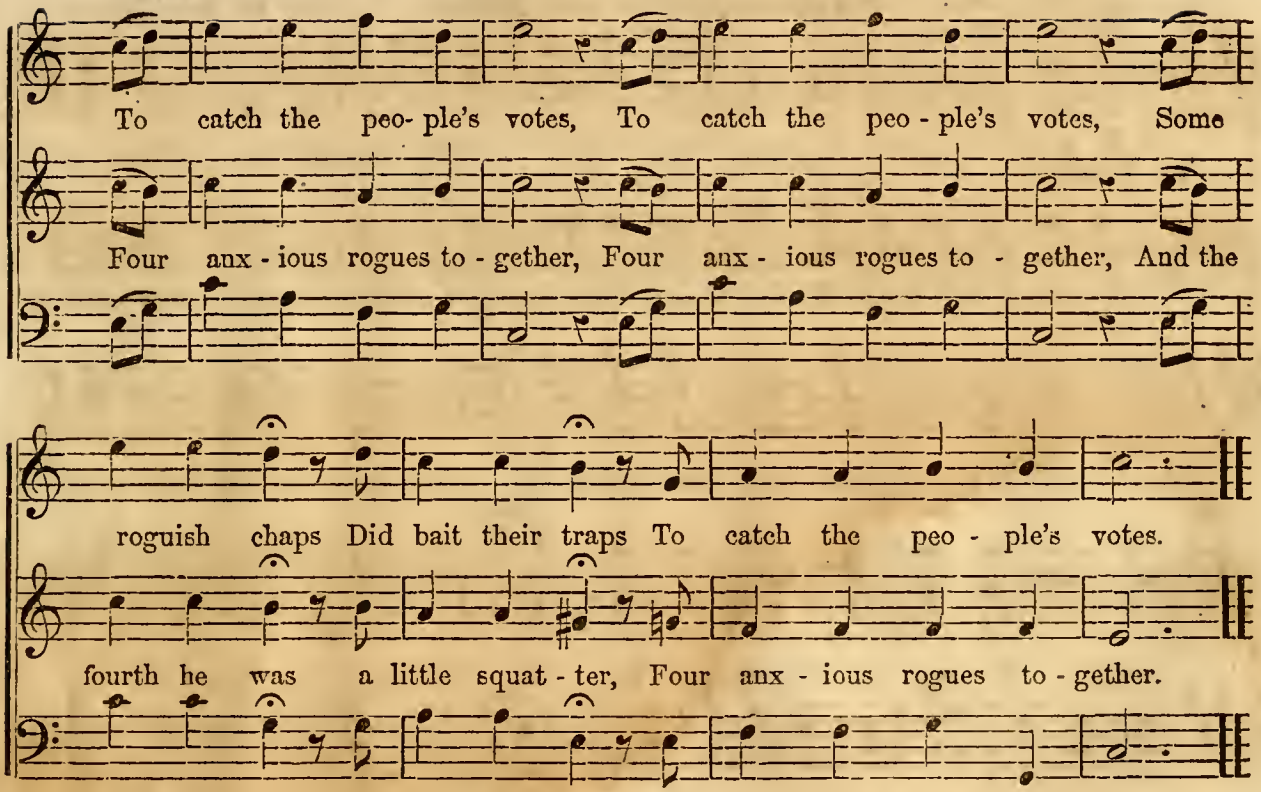
"IN GOOD REPUBLICAN TIMES."

1st VOICE. Comic Trio and Chorus.

Arranged by HENRY TUCKER.



Chorus.

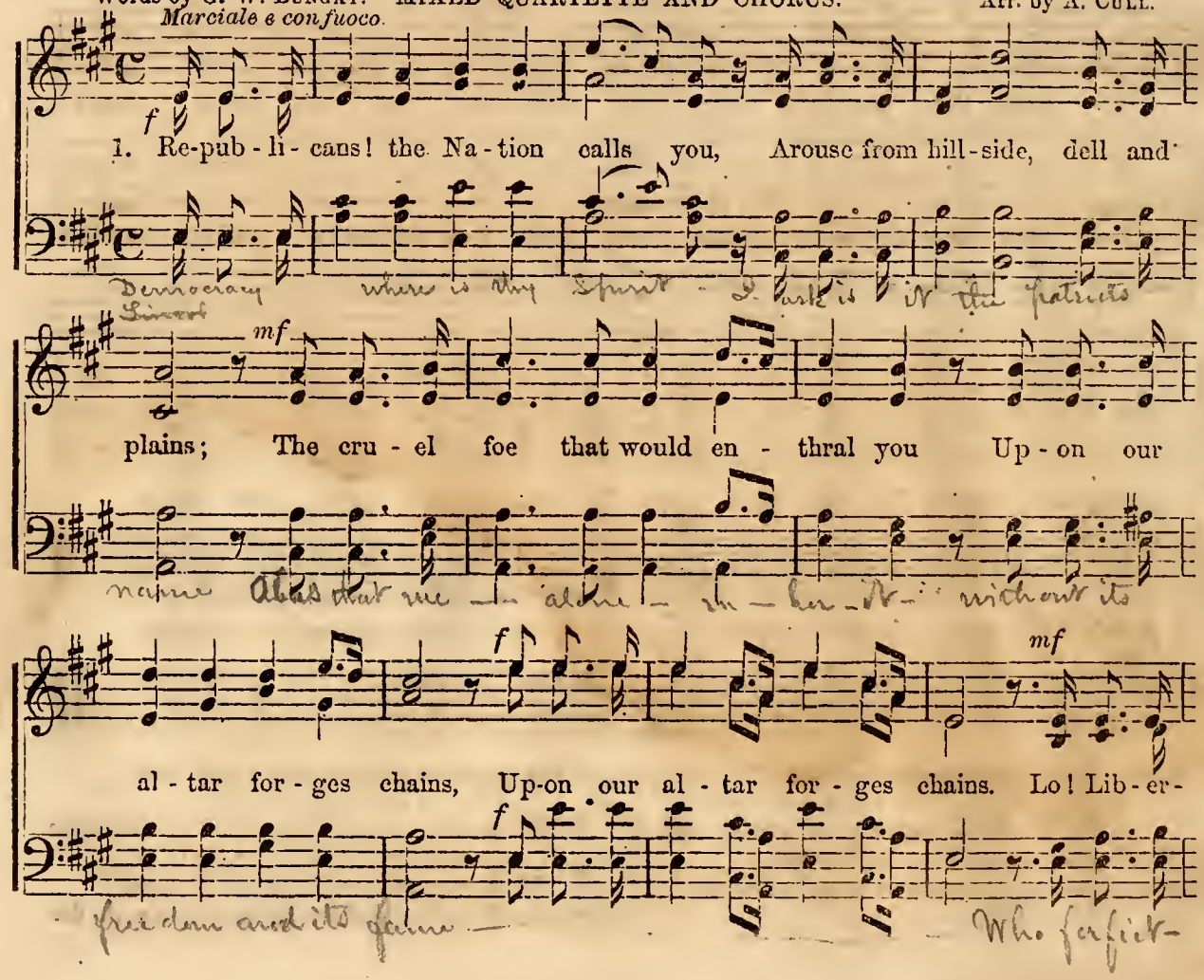


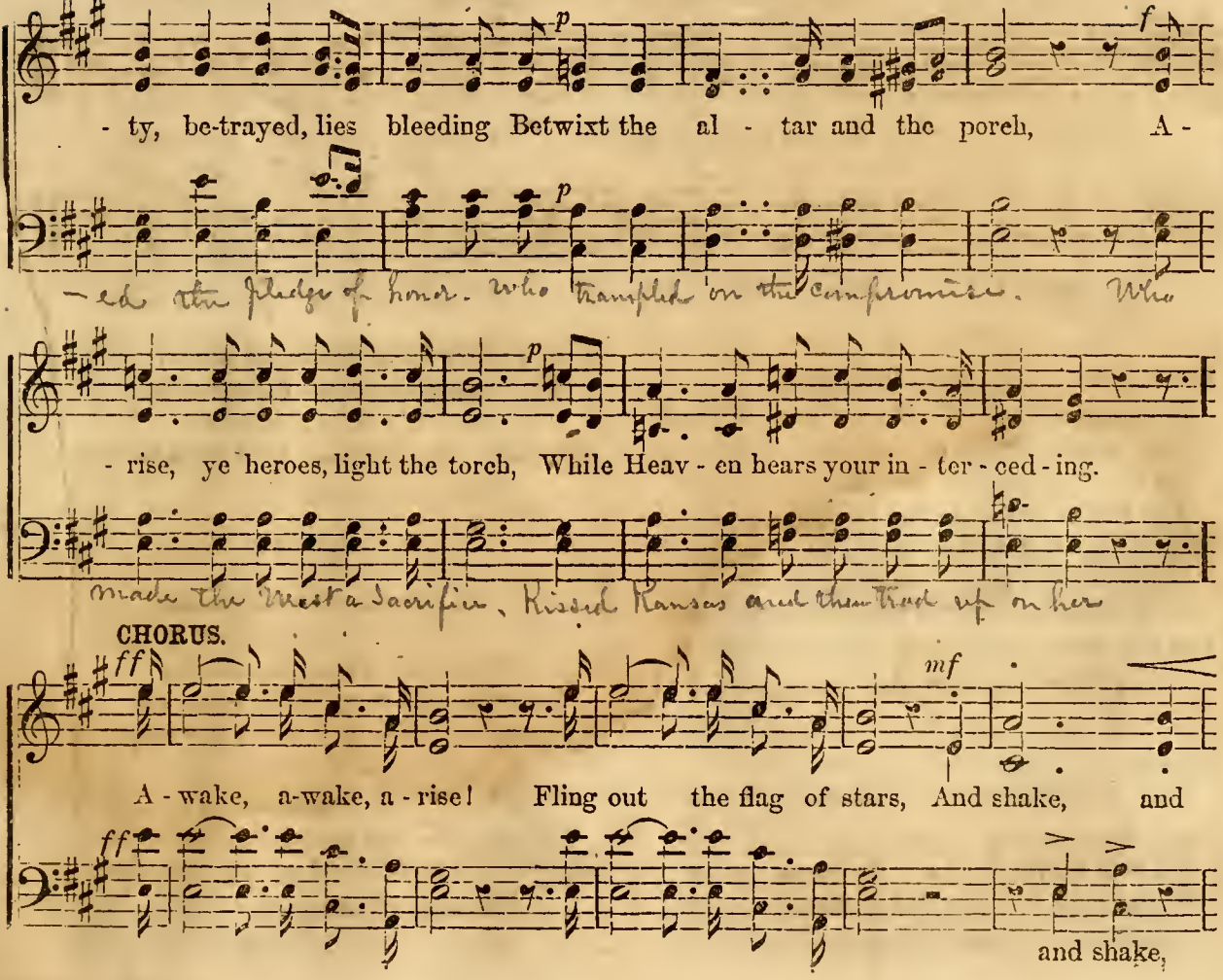
3. Now the nigger men stole blacks,
And the Union men votes and "sich,"
And the Little Squatter stole lots of land
To keep these four rogues rich.
Chorus.—To keep these four rogues rich, &c.

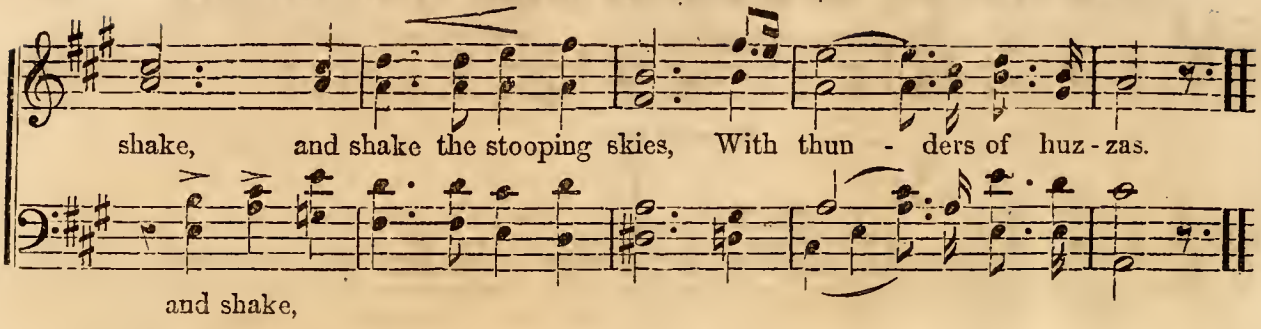
4. The planters were cotton killed men,
The Union Bell tolled an alarm,
And Lincoln clapped his claw on the little squatter's maw,
With the slave-code under his arm.
Chorus.—With the slave-code under his arm, &c.

REPUBLICANS! THE NATION CALLS YOU.

Words by G. W. Bungay. MIXED QUARTETTE AND CHORUS. Arr. by A. Cull.




- ty, be-trayed, lies bleeding Betwixt the al - tar and the porch, A -
- rise, ye heroes, light the torch, While Heav - en hears your in - ter - ced - ing.
CHORUS.
A - wake, a-wake, a - rise! Fling out the flag of stars, And shake, and
and shake,



2.

Sweet Liberty, fair child of Heaven,
Though crowned with thorns, and crucified,
Immortal life to thee is given,
And to thy martyrs who have died,
And to thy martyrs who have died.
Their names are writ in song and story,
Spring writes their epitaph in flowers,
Clouds weep our grief in summer showers,
And we would share their fate and glory.
Chorus.—Awake, &c.

3.

Democracy, where is thy spirit?
I ask, is it the patriot's name?
Alas! that we alone inherit,
Without its freedom and its fame,
Without its freedom and its fame.
Who forfeited the pledge of honor,
Who trampled on the Compromise,
Who made the west a sacrifice,
Kissed Kansas, and then trod upon her?
Chorus.—Awake, &c.

4.

Lincoln and Hamlin are our leaders,
Their trumpets shout from hill to glen,
Let those who kneel as intercederes,
Now rise, and arm like fighting me
Now rise, and arm like fighting men.
From the plowshare forge the saber,
Forget not gallant Cromwell's cry,
"Trust God, and keep your power dry,"
And strike the fetters from thy neighbor.
Chorus.—Awake, &c.

OLD ABE LINCOLN IS THE MAN.

AIR—"*Dandy Jim of Caroline.*"

1. OLD Abe Lincoln is the man,
To *maul* the "Little Giant" O,
And prostrate every Loco plan—
He'll do it neat and handy O.
He's honest, true, and will not fail
To crush out all corruption O;
And Democrats before him quail,
Because for truth he's fighting O.

2. Then, yeomen, rally round your chief,
And never think of danger O,
He's just the man to bring relief
To our distracted country O.
Hamlin, too, is tried and true,
And stands above suspicion O,
Our stars and stripes, the red and blue,
Are safe within his keeping O.

OLD ABE AND LITTLE DUG.

1. THE conflict is over, the struggle is past,
And honest old Abe is our choice,
Then run up his name to Freedom's high mast,
Placed there by a free people's voice.
From the populous East to the beauteous West,
From Maine to the Lone Star State,
All hail honest Abe as wisest and best
Among earth's good men and great.

2. Let Democrats at Republicans rail,
Our Abraham is good with a maul,
And will drive a big wedge in Douglas' coat tail,
To assist the "giant" to fall.
The Democrats think it easy enough
To beat our card with a "spot;"
We hope they won't fly into a terrible huff
When Abe proves a trump—"Dug" not.

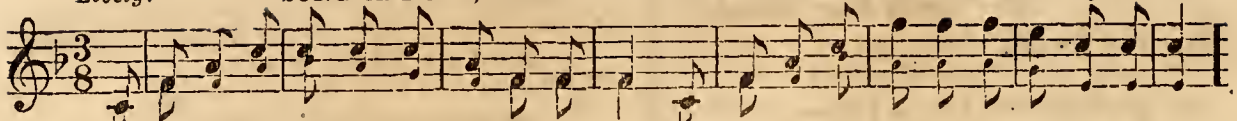
3. Abe Lincoln kept a bar—'t is said
By some old croak or other,
And while Abe stood on one side,
Douglas stood on t' other.
Abe Lincoln left that long ago,
A better place to fill,
He still keeps moving on and up,
While Douglas stands there still.

4. They say the story of Abe's life
Will not our cause avail,
Take care that in November's strife
You're not caught upon a "rail."
For we're bound to put old Abe in,
The Democrats to "maul,"
So, take warning, all you Locos,
By the writing on the wall.

5. Then turn, you honest Democrats,
And help the people's cause,
We'll elect a man for President
Who'll execute the laws;
Who'll make our homes and firesides
The happiest on earth,
And give to droopiug liberty
A glorious second birth.

DOUGLAS AND HIS DINAH.

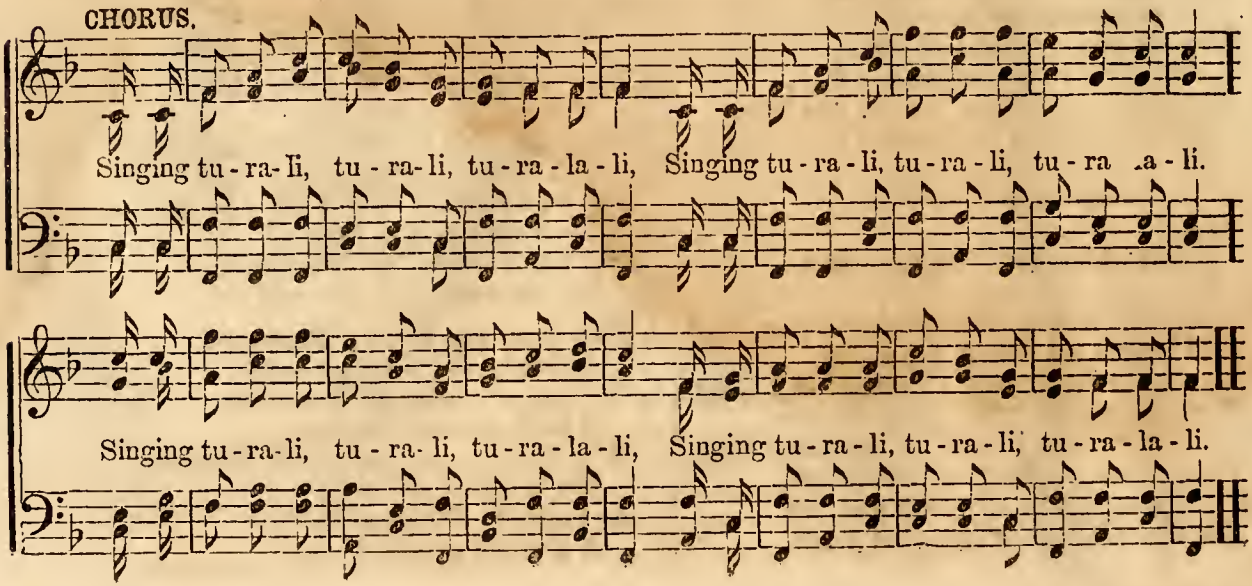
Lively. SONG OR DUET, AND CHORUS FOR MALE VOICES. Music arr. by A. CULL.



1. Far off in a western state there lives a man, Whose highest delight, is to plot and to plan;
2. This Douglas did bring up a daughter so fair, Her cheeks were like roses, like sunbeams her hair

His name it is Douglas, as I have been told, And he is a gi-ant, both valiant and bold.
Her name it was Squatter, as I have been told. And he wrote on her forehead, this girl 's to be sold.

CHORUS.



3. First came up to buy her, a gov'ner of fame,
And he was a soft-shell, and Seymour his name;
He patted her cheek, and her hand he did press,
And he bid, but he lost her, never-the-less.—*Chorus.*

4. Then up came an old man, his hair white as snow,
And he quoted the Scriptures with eloquence too,
He looked at the lady, and dropped on his knees;
She said, "Mr. Dickinson, wait, if you please."—*Chorus.*

5. Then up came a young man to the manor born,
He was ungallant, and passed her with scorn;
His name it was Breck, and he lived at the South,
And he pulled her soft hair, and slapped her sweet mouth.—*Chorus.*

6. Then up came a statesman from old Tennessee,
And he smiled, and she squat right down on his knee;
His name it was Bell, and his hand she did squeeze,
But he said, "My dear girl, not yet, if you please."—*Chorus.*

7. Then up came a soldier from Texas afar,
He waved a small banner lit up with a star;
His name it was Houston, if I do not err,
He wanted her lands, but he didn't want her.—*Chorus.*

8. Then up came a bachelor, a hater of girls,
He swore she had glass eyes, and false were her curls,
He hated her father, he hated her too—
His name it is Jimmy Buchanan you know.—*Chorus.*

9. Then up came a May-or, his name it is Wood,
He was bashful at first, but the girl looked so good;
He was conquered at last by her magical charms,
Then she jilted her lover, and fled from his arms.—*Chorus.*

10. So Douglas will keep his dear daughter, 't is said,
She may go to a Convent, and die an old maid;
But she never can Squat in the President's Chair,
Though her cheeks are like roses, like sunbeams her hair.—*Chorus.*

WE WILL VOTE FOR OLD ABE LINCOLN.

TUNE.—"*The old Granite State.*"

1. WE are coming, we are coming; Freedom's battle is begun,
And inscribed upon our banner is the name of ABE LINCOLN!
And our voice which swells for LINCOLN, and for Freedom evermore,
Shall be hailed by land and seamen as was never heard before.
Chorus—We will vote for old Abe Lincoln, we will vote for old Abe Lincoln,
We.'re for honest old Abe Lincoln, and for Freedom through the land.

2 We are coming, we are coming, as a patriotic band,
To drive the Border-ruffians and Fire-eaters from the land;
And we 'll put them with the Sappers and the Union-miners too,
In the charge of the Flat-boatmen and Union-saving crew.—*Cho.*

3 We are coming, we are coming—not as comes the Ruffian throng,
Armed with pistols, drunk with whiskey, with their curses loud and long,
But we have a gallant chieftain, leading onward to the fight—
A band of noble freemen, to do battle for the right.—*Cho.*

4 We are coming, we are coming, to redeem our native land,
From the evils that are springing from Buchanan's luckless wand:
To the "Father of the Faithful" we will give the chair of state,
While we see our *modern* Abra'm rise the highest o'er the great.—*Cho.*

5 We are coming, we are coming, and we have a nominee,
Who has worked his passage upward to the favor of the Free;
With the rifle, axe, and compass, at the counter, raft, or farm,
As a Counselor and Statesman, he has ever borne the palm.—*Cho.*

6 We are coming, we are coming, and we have a *living* man,
Standing on a spotless platform, to lead forth our glorious van:
He is tall, and lank, and stalwart, without blandishment or art,
And well fitted for the race-course, as to heels, and head, and heart.
Cho.—So we 'll vote for old Abe Lincoln, so we 'll vote far old Abe Lincoln;
We 're for LINCOLN and for HAMLIN, and for Freedom through the land.

TAKE OF YOUR COATS, BOYS.

AIR—"*The other side of Jordan.*"

1. I LOOKED to the South, and I looked to the West,
And I saw black Slavery a comin',
With Democratic doughfaces harnessed up in front,
Driving niggers to the other side of Jordan.
Chorus.—Take off your coats, boys, roll up your sleeves,
Slavery is a hard foe to battle;
Take off your coats, boys, and roll up your sleeves,
For Slavery is a hard foe to battle, I believe.

2. Slavery and Freedom must have a fight—
The crisis "irrepressible" is comin';
Black Slavery will get knocks from a free ballot box,
And go staggering to the other side of Jordan.
Chorus.—Take off your coats, &c.

3. At the Capitol of these United States
Mason sent Hyatt to jail accordin';
But that hero will not yield to him,
On this, or the other side of Jordan.
Chorus.—Take off your coats, &c.

4. Pryor sent a challenge to the chief of the West,
Potter drew his bowie-knife accordin';
So the bully from the South hid away—
He didn't want to go t' other side of Jordan.
Chorus.—Take off your coats, &c.

5. Sumner was threatened by a coward from his cups—
The statesman sent him spinning to the door
Remember Bully Brooks, he has gone,
With bloody hands, t' other side of Jordan.
Chorus.—Take off your coats, &c.

ON TO VICTORY.

BY DANIEL BATCHELER.

1. LOUD we answer! lo we come,
Responsively to Freedom's call!
In faith we come, in strength we come,
To do a sacred work for all;
As did our fathers, so will we
Move fearless on to victory!

2. God is our guide! From field and wave,
From plow, from anvil, and from loom,
We come our heritage to save,
And speak to the tyrant his doom.
All o'er the land, from sea to sea,
Resounds our watchword, "Liberty!"

3. Hail to our flag! Let Lincoln bear
The glorious standard to the van;
Through stripes and stars interwoven there
We read the natal rights of man;
Our fathers loved it, so will we,
And onward move to victory!

OLD STORMY EUROPE STRIDES.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

AIR—"*Old Lang Syne.*"

While on through tumult, strife and blood,
Old stormy Europe strides,
With stalwart blows for every foe,
Whatever else betides;
Praise God! along *our* sky, howe'er
The cloud at times may break,
The bird of Peace still hovers where
The Eagle whets his beak.
Not thus in auld lang syne it was,
In auld lang syne;
The days were drear for many a year,
In auld lang syne.

O, once beneath this storied roof,
While dangers hemmed their way,
Our Fathers wove the sacred woof
Their children wear to-day:
With noble words and noble deeds
'Twas proudly, grandly starred,
And not a spot its sheen to blot
The glorious fabric marred,
In auld lang syne 'twas wrought,
In auld lang syne;
Still free from stain shall it remain,
In auld lang syne.

Who stands within this brave old Hall
A traitor to the Past,
And turns not cowering to the wall—
A coward to the last?
Who dare the noble truths deny
Our Fathers wrote in blood,
Then lift to Heaven his shameless eye
Where *They* so proudly stood,
In auld lang syne, sae dear
In auld lang syne,
And dared to die for Liberty
In auld lang syne?

O may the paths our Fathers trod
To us be holy ground!
O, true to *Freedom*, COUNTRY, GOD,
May we be ever found!
Straight up to Heaven the loyal vow
Devoutly may we send;
The Wrong to right, the True to plight,
The Just, the Good defend?
While still we praise the noble days
Of auld lang syne,
The hearts of gold, the lips so bold,
Of auld lang syne.

FREEDOM'S BATTLE-CALL.

Respectfully inscribed to Cassius M. Clay.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Unroll the flag of stripes and stars,
Light bonfires on the mountain's height,
Harness the men whose battle-scars,
Proclaim their courage in the fight.

Ring the bronze bells in all the spires,
Toss the flame rockets heaven high!
Let black-lipped cannon belch in fires,
And shouts of freedom rend the sky!

Our father's blood cries from the dust:
Their hearts beat in these hearts of ours;
Their God is the great God we trust,
Their crown of thorns our wreath of flowers.

Above their hallowed graves we tread;
Upon their sacred ashes kneel,
And, in the presence of the dead,
Unsheath their battered blades of steel!

So help us God, come weal or woe,
We pledge our honor and our lives
To fight for freedom, while a foe
To man within our reach survives.

Lo, serried ranks of heroes brave
March to the music of the free,
Across the prairies, like a wave
Swept by the strong wind from the sea.

They rally from the sunny lands—
Over the border line which parts
The states, but not the clasping hands
In whose hot palms beat kindred hearts,

From the green mountain's lofty towers,
Where freedom sits upon her throne,
Crowned with a wreath of wild-wood flowers,
They come like guests to feasts at noon.

Like Saul, among the Hebrews, stands,
Our chief, a head and shoulders higher
Than other chiefs, and in his hands,
Our stripes grow dim, our stars seems nigher.

Upon his brow the signet seal
Of honor shines, and we will crown
The "honest man," whose heart can feel,
Whose arms can strike oppression down.

LINCOLN OF THE WEST.

Written for the Fairfield Republican Club.

TUNE—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

1. From vale to hill, from hill to vale,
Hear ye the bugle blast,
What shouts are borne on every gale
For Lincoln of the West.

Chorus—For Lincoln of the West, my boys,
For Lincoln of the West,
The Champion of Freedom's cause
Is Lincoln of the West.

2. No truer heart than his can guide
The Ship of State to rest—
A nation's heart now turns with pride
To Lincoln of the West.

Cho.—For Lincoln of the West, &c.

3. The reign of misrule long we 've borne—
By burthens sore oppressed,
And for relief the people turn
To Lincoln of the West.

Cho.—For Lincoln of the West, &c.

4. Let every heart and hand now join
To bring the day thrice blessed,
The nation shall her trust consign
To Lincoln of the West.

Cho.—For Lincoln of the West, &c.

THE LINCOLN BOAT HORN.

1.

List! through the woods and o'er prairie pealing,
Wild melody floats out upon the morn;
And, echoed back from rock and mountain, stealing,
In wakened cadence, sounds the boatman's horn!
A thousand hearts, thrilled by the pæan o'er us,
Bound with glad joy to greet th' exultant strain;
A thousand voices join in the swelling chorus,
From sun-kissed Illinois to snow-crowned Maine
In loud refrain,
LINCOLN, the Boatman, winds his horn again."

2.

Hushed is the clangor of the forge and hammer—
The plowboy's whistle where the daisies grew;
Quiet the loud reverberating clamor
Of woodman's ax, and pioneer's halloo.
They list entranced to the Song of Labor,
Whose notes in triumph from the boat horn flow,
And friend, with kindling eye, proclaims to neighbor,
"Thine is the music taught us long ago,
The hymn we know—
LINCOLN! thou Boatman of the Sangamo!"

3.

Bold as a martial trump the blast is swelling,
Sweet as a wailing flute anon it comes;
Of strong right arm the lofty purpose telling,—
The holy deeds of humble hearts and homes;
Cheering ambition to a higher daring,
Blessing the thought that men to pity lend,
'Till the acclaim the eager millions sharing,
Wide as the bounds of Freedom's realm extend
They shouting send
"LINCOLN, the Boatman, is the people's Friend!"

4.

Hope of the lowly—dread of the despoiler—
Thou herald-clarion of the coming MAN,
We hail thy clear brave anthem of the toiler,
Borne on the prairie wind o'er all the land!
The sons of freedom from each hill and valley
Welcome the battle-pæan eagerly;
Around the standard of the Boatman rally,
Joining the ever-rising chorus-glee—
"We follow thee—
LINCOLN, the Boatman, lead to victory!"

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., May 23, 1860.

THEN FLING OUT THE BANNER.

WM. H. BURLEIGH.

AIR—"*Old Oaken Bucket.*"

1.

UP, again for the conflict! our banner fling out,
And rally around it with song and with shout!
Stout of heart, firm of hand, should the gallant boys be
Who bear to the battle the Flag of the Free!
Like our Fathers, when Liberty called to the strife,
They should pledge to her cause fortune, honor, and life!
And follow wherever she beckons them on,
Till Freedom exults in a victory won!
Then fling out the banner, the old starry banner,
The battle-torn banner that beckons us on!

2.

They come from the hill-side, they come from the glen,
From the streets thronged with traffic and surging with men;
From loom and from ledger, from workshop and farm,
The fearless of heart, and the mighty of arm,
As the mountain born torrents exultingly leap,
When their ice fetters melt, to the breast of the deep;
As the winds of the prairie, the waves of the sea,
They are coming—are coming—the Sons of the Free!
Then fling out the banner, the old starry banner,
The war-tattered banner, the Flag of the Free!

3.

Our Leader is one, who, with conquerless will,
Has climbed from the base to the brow of the hill;
Undaunted in peril, unswerving in strife,
He has fought a good fight in the Battle of Life;

And we trust him as one who, come woe or come weal,
Is as firm as a rock, and as true as steel,
Right royal and brave, with no stain on his crest,
Then hurrah, boys, for honest "Old Abe of the West!"
Then fling out your banner, the old starry banner,
The signal of triumph, for "Abe of the West!"

4.

The West, whose broad acres, from lake shore to sea,
Now wait for the harvest and homes of the free!
Shall the dark tide of Slavery roll o'er the sod,
That Freedom makes bloom like the garden of God?
The bread of our children be torn from their mouth,
To feed the fierce dragon that preys on the South?
No, never! the trust which our Washington laid
On us, for the future shall ne'er be betrayed!
Then fling out the banner, the old starry banner,
And on to the conflict with hearts undismayed!

HONEST ABE OF THE WEST.

AIR—"*Star Spangled Banner.*"

1.

O HARK! from the pine-crested hills of old Maine,
Where the splendor first falls from the wings of the morning,
And away in the West, over river and plain,
Rings out the glad anthem of Liberty's warning!
From green rolling prairie it swells to the sea,
For the people have risen victorious and free;
They have chosen their leaders, and, bravest and best
Of them all is Old Abe, Honest Abe of the West!

2.

The spirit that fought for the patriots of old
Has swept thro' the land and aroused us forever;
In the pure air of heaven a standard unfold
Fit to marshal us on to the sacred endeavor!
Proudly the banner of freemen we bear;
Noble the hopes that encircle it there;
And where battle is thickest we follow the crest
Of gallant Old Abe, Honest Abe of the West.

3.

There's a triumph in urging a glorious cause,
Tho' the hosts of the foe for a while may be stronger;
Pushing on for just rulers and holier laws,
Till their lessening columns oppose us no longer.
But ours the loud pæan of men who have past
Thro' the struggle of years, and are victors at last:
So forward the flag! leave to Heaven the rest,
And trust in Old Abe, Honest Abe of the West!

4.

Lo! see the bright scroll of the future unfold!
Broad farms and fair cities shall crown our devotion;
Free labor turn even the sands into gold,
And the links of her railway chain ocean to ocean;
Barges shall float on the dark river waves
With a wealth never rung from the sinews of slaves;
And the Chief, in whose rule all the land shall be blest
Is our noble Old Abe, Honest Abe of the West!

5.

Then on to the holy Republican strife!
And again for a Future as fair as the morning,
For the sake of that freedom more precious than life,
Ring out the grand anthem of Liberty's warning!
Lift the banner on high, while from mountain to plain
The cheers of the people are sounded again:
Hurrah for our cause—of all causes the best;
Hurrah for Old Abe, Honest Abe of the West!

HAVE YOU HEARD FROM CHICAGO?

AIR—"*Star Spangled Banner.*"

1.

O, SAY, have you heard from Chicago to-day,
As the news has flashed onward from station to station;
O, what is the name that the winged lightnings say,
The Republican choice for the head of the Nation?
See that rocket's red glare,
Soaring high in the air,
And freemen rejoice
For a victory there!
Is it Seward or Lincoln whose banner shall wave,
To lead on the hosts of the free and the brave?

2.

Now hear ye that sound as it comes on the wind,
Is it thunder, or cannon, that news is proclaiming?
'Tis the honest, the able, the giant of mind,
It is Lincoln, 'tis Lincoln! all hearts are exclaiming.
The first blow is given,
Our fetters are riven;
The Union stands firm
In the free light of Heaven,
And the flag of Republicans proudly may gleam,
For Lincoln and freedom o'er mountain and stream.

3.

And what is the name on its folds we descry,
Link'd with Lincoln, twin stars of our confederation,
It shines in our flag as it floats on the sky,
As the bright orb that Maine holds in high estimation,
And the Hamlin of Maine,
Without blemish or stain,
With Lincoln, shall lead
On to freedom again;
And the banner of Lincoln and Hamlin shall wave
O'er the land that Republicans rose up to save.

4.

We'll drive back the minions who live on the spoil,
Who barter our birth-rights to subserve their ambition;
We, the sons of free labor, free speech and free soil,
We will send them all back to their normal condition.
That the laws of our land
May with Liberty stand;
While the voice of the free
Is the only command—
Then the banner of Lincoln and Hamlin shall shine
And the South be content with the compromise line.

5.

And thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved soil and a slave institution;
Blest with Union and love may the heaven rescued land
Praise the power that upholds the beloved Constitution.
Then conquer we must,
For freedom is just;
On God and our country,
In Union we trust.
And the banner of Lincoln and Hamlin shall wave,
O'er the land that Republicans rose up to save.

POOR LITTLE DUG.

AIR—"*Uncle Ned.*"

1.

DERE was a little man and his name was Stevy Dug,
To de White House he longed for to go;
But he hadn't any votes thro' de whole of de Souf,
In de place where votes ought to grow.
Chorus.—So it aint no use for to blow—
Dat little game of brag won't go;
He can't get de vote, 'case de tail ob his coat
Is hung just a little too low.

2.

His legs dey was short, but his speeches dey was long,
And nuffin but hisself could he see;
His principles was weak, but his *spirits* dey was strong,
For a thirsty little soul was he.
Chorus.—So it aint no use for to blow, &c.

3.

He couldn't sleep nights for de nigger in de fence,
So his health it began for to fail:
And he suffered berry much from de 'feets of a ride
Dat he got on a Lincoln rail.
Chorus.—So it aint no use for to blow, &c.

4.

He shivered and he shook in de cold Nord blast,
And de wind from de Souf dat blew;
But de locofoco ship hove him overboard at last,
So his friends had to all heave-to.
Chorus.—So it aint no use for to blow, &c.

WE HAVE A MAN WHOM FREEDOM HAILS.

1. Our fathers were a noble band,
And left for us a happy land;
From British tyranny set free,
They paved the way to liberty.

CHORUS.

We have a man whom freedom hails
Who once was good at mauling rails;
He'll maul the spoilsmen with delight,
Then beat and scoop 'em all outright.

2. Such patriots for freedom hail,
We're bound their enemies to "flail;"
They "lam'd" the British with delight,
And put their army all to flight.
Chorus.—For we've a man, &c.

3. Now Southern tyrants curse and swear,
Our glorious fabric down they'll tear.
Disunion has become their cry,
To "rule and ruin" ere they die.
Chorus.—For we've a man, &c.

4. Four years ago they chose a man
To carry out their hellish plan.
Jimmy's misrule will soon be o'er,
And of his like we'll have no more.
Chorus.—For we've a man, &c.

5. He told the Judges to declare
That slavery should go everywhere—
To let the Northern people know
They'd "crush out Freedom" at a blow.
Chorus.—For we've a man, &c.

6. Old Roger Taney did decide
That Freedom should be "*set aside*,"
And all our fair and lovely land
Should yield to Slavery's demand.
Chorus.—For we've a man, &c.

7. Then let us say to one and all:
Just vote for Honest Abe this Fall;
With him we cannot but prevail,
With him there's *no such word as fail.*
Chorus.—For we've a man, &c.

F. A. Haney, Madison, Wis.

SING A SONG OF CHARLESTON.

WORDS BY M. D.

(Air, "*Sing a Song of Sixpence.*")

1. Sing a song of Charleston!
Bottle full of Rye!
All the Douglas delegates
Knocked into pi!
For when the vote was opened
The South began to sing,
"Your little Squatter Sovereign
Shan't be our King!"

CHORUS.

Hi diddle, diddle! the Dred Scot riddle!
The delegates scatter like loons!
The little Dug swears to see the sport,
And the Southerners count their spoons.

2. There was a little Senator,
Who wasn't very wise,
He jumped into Convention,
And scratched out both his eyes.
And when he found his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He bolted off to Baltimore
To scratch them in again.
Chorus.—Hi diddle, diddle! &c.

SEVENTY-SIX.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

1. WHAT heroes from the woodland sprung,
When through the fresh-awakened land
The thrilling cry of freedom rung,
And to the work of warfare strung
The yeoman's iron hand.

2. Hills flung the cry to hills around,
And ocean mart replied to mart,
And streams whose springs were yet unfound
Pealed far away the startling sound
Into the forest's heart.

3. Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
From mountain river swift and cold;
The borders of the stormy deep,
The vales where gathered waters sleep,
Sent us the strong and bold.

4. As if the very earth again
Grew quick with God's creating breath,
And from the sods of grove and glen,
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men,
To battle to the death.

5. The wife whose babe first smiled that day,
The fair, fond bride of yester-eve,
And aged sire, and matron gray
Saw the loved warriors haste away,
And deemed it sin to grieve.

6. Already had the strife begun,
Already blood on Concord's plain
Along the springing grass had run,
And blood had flowed at Lexington
Like brooks of April rain.

7. The death-stain on the vernal sward
Hallowed to Freedom all the shore;
In fragments fell the yoke abhorred;
The footstep of a foreign lord
Profaned the soil no more.

UP FOR THE CONFLICT.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

(AIR, "*Gayly the Troubadour.*")

1. UP to our altars, then,
Haste we and summon
Courage and loveliness,
Manhood and woman:
Deep let our pledges be,
Freedom for ever;
Truce with oppression,
Never! oh, never!

2. By our own birthright,
Granted of Heaven,
Freedom on sea and earth,
Be the pledge given;
If we have whispered truth,
Whisper no longer;
Speak as the tempest does—
Sterner and stronger.

3. Still be the tones of truth
Louder and firmer,
Startling the haughty South
With the deep murmur.
God and our Charter's right!
Freedom for ever!
Truce with oppression,
Never! oh, never!

CHEER, BOYS, CHEER.

Respectfully inscribed to the Hon. HORACE GREELEY.

AIR—"*Cheer, boys, cheer.*"

1.

Cheer, boys, cheer, the steady breeze is blowing,
Floating freely o'er the prairie's breast;
Freedom will follow in the track we're going,
Star of an Empire glitters in the West.
Cheer, boys, cheer, no more of idle sorrow,
Courage, brave hearts shall bear us on the way,
Hope leads before, and shows the bright to-morrow,
Let us unfurl our banner here to-day.

Chorus.

Cheer, boys, cheer, for Freedom, blessed Freedom,
Cheer, boys, cheer, united heart and hand,
Cheer, boys, cheer, hurrah for honest Lincoln!
For the leader of our band.

2.

Cheer, boys, cheer, for Liberty, God speed her,
Marching swiftly through the happy land,
Lincoln, the honest hero, is our leader,
He bears our standard in his strong right hand.
Cheer, boys, cheer, for Lincoln of the prairies,
Sun-crowned and tall, our vast nation's pride,
His love of country and the right ne'er varies,
See hosts of freemen gather at his side.—*Cho.*

3.

Cheer, boys, cheer, for Hamlin, sun-like rising,
Without cloud-spots on his horizon,
Soon he will be wisely supervising
Our anxious Senators at Washington.
Cheer, boys, cheer, for Union foes cannot sever,
For the triumph now so near at hand,
And for fair Freedom, now and for ever,
Star of an Empire lighting our broad land.

Chorus.

O POOR DOUGLAS, YOU CANNOT FOLLOW ME.

AIR.—"*O, Susanna.*"

1. I had a dream the other night
When all around was still,
I dreamt I saw "Old honest Abe"
A-climbing up the hill;
The way was steep, and all untrod,
And many a foe was near;
But Abe pressed on with trust in God,
And heart that knew not fear.

O poor Douglas, you cannot follow me,
You're going up Salt River
With the platform on your knee.

2. While Abe was climbing up the hill,
And almost at the top,
Poor Dug was panting at the foot,
His race compelled to stop;
He carried weight too much to win
In any even race,
His own, and all his party's sin
Told hard upon his pace.

O poor Douglas, you cannot follow me,
You're going up Salt River
With Old Buck upon your knee.

THE LINCOLN BOYS.

1. The Lincoln Boys are out to-night,
Ahoo, ahoo! we're not yet done!
They've raised on high their standard bright,
In memory of our honored one!
Then ring, jing, jing, jing, jing, jing, jing,
Ahoo, ahoo! we're not yet through!
Then ring, jing, jing, jing, jing, jing, jing,
We sing Lincoln and Hamlin too.

2. In Kansas bled our noble dead,
Ahoo, ahoo! we're not yet done!
In Kansas their best blood was shed,
But Baltimore has seen the fun!
Then ring, jing, jing, &c.

3. By all our country's laws we stand,
Ahoo, ahoo! we're not yet done!
For Union and our native land,
We'll combat till the victory's won.
Then ring, jing, jing, &c.

4. We'll meet Disunion's treacherous shocks,
Ahoo, ahoo! we're not yet done!
We'll guard our country's ballot box,
Till *Stuffers* learn our path to shun.
Then ring, jing, jing, &c.

5. When hireling knaves their game would play,
Ahoo, ahoo! we're not yet hit!
Then Illinois will teach the way,
That good reforming rails are split.
Then ring, jing, jing, &c.

6 If rogues their daring schemes advance,
Ahoo, ahoo! we're not yet done!
We'll show them how by Vigilance
Can make them from the country run!
Then ring, jing, jing, &c.

7. Let traitors, then, beware our track!
Ahoo, ahoo! we're not yet done!
'Gainst all our foes or traitors black,
We'll still be true to Washington.
Then ring, jing, jing, &c.

RAIL LYRICS.

"*The Power of the Rail, or the Fall of J. B.*"

1. Old Buck sat in his Chair of State—
His face was pale and wan;
The darkest passion of rage and hate
In his sunken eye balls shone.

2. "Oh! very uneasy," the old man said,
"Is the head that wears a crown—
The man who serves the slave-power now
Must certainly go down.

3. "The Covode dogs are on my track,
I hear their loud-mouth'd wail;
This treacherous chair begins to crack—
Upheaved by Lincoln's rail.

4. "Oh! had I made yon rock my seat,
(That Constitution Stone,)—
I should not now be left to weep
Myself and friends o'erthrown."

5. A smile played on Old Abram's lips
He sprang that rail upon,
And backward went poor old J. B.,
Down,—down to oblivion.

T. Rail, Esq.

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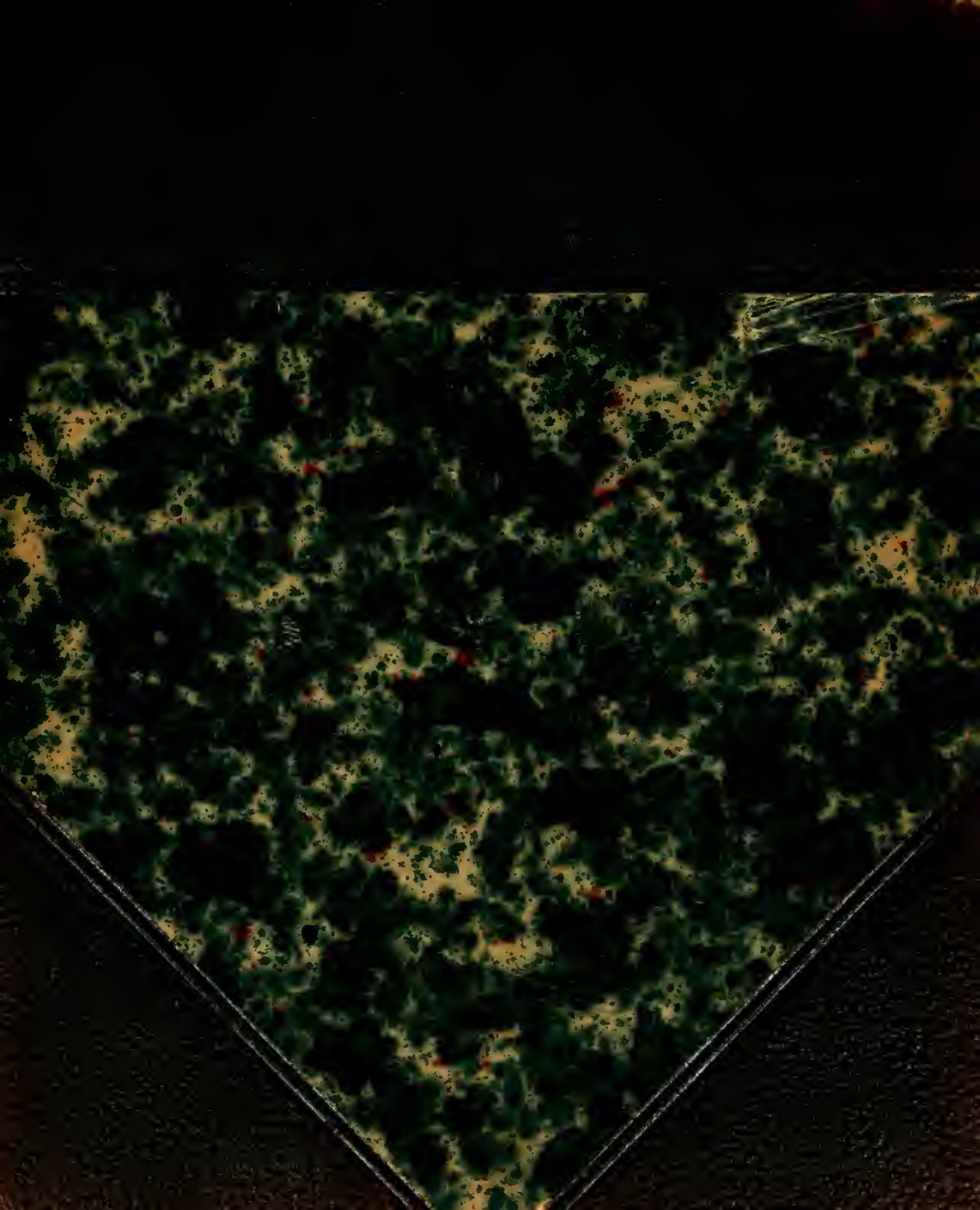
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